THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 11, for November, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The UNWELCOME TIDINGS.
2. Fashionable MORNING DRESS.
3. NEW PATTERN for a FRILL and RUFF.

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NOTICES.

In our next Number, we shall present to our fair Readers a correct and elegant PORTRAIT *of Mrs.* SIDDONS, *together with a Plate of the Fashions, and a new Pattern, as usual: and, in our Supplement—which will be published, with the December Magazine, on the first of January—we intend (instead of* ONE, *as customary hitherto) to give* TWO *interesting Plates, descriptive of events related in the accompanying pages.*

The *hoaxing* correspondent from *Welchpool*, who has sent us two *unpaid* packets, might employ his time to better purpose than that of giving fruitless trouble to the post-office clerks and carriers.—As to ourselves, such communications cause us neither pecuniary loss, nor one moment's uneasiness.

Our *Horsham* correspondent, "*Classicus*," who has also favored us with an *unpaid* packet, hardly needs to be told that his lines are wholly unworthy of publication. Though we should have no objection to seeing him *set the Thames on fire*, we cannot suffer him to set the Lady's Magazine in a blaze, by converting the *river Hydaspes* into a *volcano*, in his translation (or, rather, *travestie*) of *Horace, lib.* 1. *od.* 22.

We are sorry that we cannot gratify our *Salisbury* correspondent, "*J. K*," by the insertion of his "*Flight of Prometheus*."—We will observe, *en passant*, that, in the French epigram in our Magazine for September, the word "*Vol*" means *theft*, not *flight*.

The "*Laugh*" of a *Birmingham* poet is too incorrect for publication.

The continuation of Mr. *Lacey's* "*Invocations*" shall appear in our next Number.

Miss Squire's poetic contributions shall appear at the same time.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For NOVEMBER, 1812.

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 458, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

These words inflamed the souls of the listening warriors, who with one voice exclaimed—"Lumey! be the soul of Nassau thy guide! we are ready to follow thee to that conquest."

On the north of Zealand, where the sea is dotted with numerous isles—where the Meuse and the Rhine, terminating their course, pour their tributary streams into the briny wave—rises the island of Vorn, which protects the land from the assaults of the ocean, and which Alva had strengthened with a formidable fortress. Toward that fortress they steer their vessels.—At the sound of the foaming waves ploughed up by their advancing prows, the watchful centinels, mindful of the orders of Alva, lend an attentive ear, and stretch their eye over the watery plains. Immediately they rouse their chiefs and their associates: the whole train are quickly in arms, and in an instant the ramparts are lined with valiant defenders, whose burnished armour reflects the bright radiance of the stars.

Lumey now perceives that success is to be the reward, not of surprisal, but of courage: he bids his brazen thunders to roar, and is answered by the thunders of the ramparts. At this signal of war, the peaceful atmosphere is disturbed.—The trees, already adorned by the hand of spring, quiver in every branch, and strew the ground with their falling blossoms:—the young nestlings of the feathered race, whose new-formed throats as yet imperfectly imitate their parents' melodious song, awake in affright, and crouch for protection under the wing of their trembling dam: but the citizens, who now despaired of seeing their saviours arrive, start from their sleep in transports of joy.

Not less impetuous than the flying globes vomited by the brazen mouths of war, Lumey rushes toward the fort: undaunted he proceeds close under the walls: the ladders are erected: he mounts with Swieten, Trelong, and the most valiant of his followers, and, combating at every step, gains the summit of the rampart. Imprinting their steps on their native soil, they feel their martial arder increased: they deal tremendous blows around: victory declares in their favor, and the Spaniards are already seised with terror and consternation.

Meanwhile Nassau, conducting his new auxiliaries to the assistance of the Batavians, was pursuing his course across the ocean. The yielding main opened an easy passage for his ship; and the winds, as if without the aid of the waves, wafted him on their rapid wing: but their rapidity is still unequal to his impatient desires. At length he hears the loud voice of the battle, and descries the Batavian fleet. In an instant the space which separates him from the fort seems to vanish: his ship already touches the strand; and he appears at the foot of the ramparts.—Douza, Boisot,

Genlis, Barneveldt, and their gallant train, do not suspend their martial toils to contemplate him: but, transported with joy, they redouble their efforts to insure a complete victory.

As the waves of a torrent fly before the rude breath of Boreas in the midst of a forest which totters beneath their fury, when, more formidable than they, Boreas tears up the lofty pines, pursues the waves, scatters them on every side, and annihilates them with his exterminating blast—thus the flying Spaniards spread terror and confusion through the ranks of their associates, into whose arms they fly for shelter—thus Lumey pursues their steps, and involves their entire host in one promiscuous defeat. The gates are thrown open: the pendent bridges are let down; and William, his old cohorts, and his new allies, rush in with shouts of victory.

From the isle of Vorn, the flame that fires the bosoms of these patriot warriors rapidly spreads through the adjoining provinces of Holland and Zealand, which at the same instant burst their chains. From that moment, thou embryo city slowly rising on the banks of the Amstel, Liberty marks thee out as the seat of future greatness, though, in thy present humble condition, thou art unconscious of the glorious destiny which awaits thee.

In Brussels, meanwhile, Alva had made preparations for his departure. Drawn by numerous steeds, his car awaited him.—"My oaths are fulfilled," said he to his son Frederic and the surrounding crowd of favorites; "and I now repair to Philip's court, there to enjoy my glory, and receive the reward of my labors. Let the jealous courtiers murmur around the throne—I have accomplished what other chiefs had vainly attempted; and I triumph at once over William and Granvelle! The Belgian and the Batavian, those heretofore so terrible opponents, have been subdued by my arm; and their liberty is now no more. Even fate itself, as if subject to my will, has seconded my undertakings. William, and his Batavian followers, who had before escaped from my sword, and appeared still formidable after their defeat, have found an untimely grave in the abysses of the sea. Let the fabled history of the giant lying in chains under the foundations of Ætna be henceforth considered as the true picture of the condition to which I have reduced this nation:—she may struggle to rise, may utter unavailing murmurs, and breathe fire and smoke: but she must sink again under the weight which crushes her down. Lewis! Adolphus! your daring swords have fallen from your hands: and thou, Lumey! who, animated with frantic rage, swarest to avenge the imprisonment of Egmont and Horn—wilt thou now, from the regions of the dead, return to fulfill thy oath?

"Thou, Frederic—and ye who participate my triumph—I leave you peaceable masters in these provinces, now reduced to complete subjection:—be it your care to watch over my work—over those prisoners whom I intrust to your charge. If the people murmur—if they express their sympathy for those chiefs, whom they honor with idolatrous veneration—let them hear you pronounce my name—let that name reign in my absence!"

He said, and, coldly embracing his son, descends from the palace to mount his chariot, when sudden the indignant voice of Tyranny is heard to murmur from the clouds, and a warrior arrives, breathless, covered with sweat and dust, and

furiously goading the flanks of a fleet courser, whose sounding steps shake the ground. He springs to the earth; when immediately his wearied steed falls down, and expires.

Rushing into the presence of Alva, "Whither flee'st thou?" he exclaims—"thou, who art the only support of Philip's throne.—In William's absence, Lumey and other of his lieutenants have conquered the isle of Vorn. William himself has again made his appearance, and is now in possession of the citadel. In his train are Lewis and Adolphus, animated with irresistible fury. The sea, the winds, the darkness, their own daring rashness, have seconded their designs. With a fleet at their command, they are now more formidable than when they brought an army from the forests of Germany. Holland and Zealand are already free: the citadel was incapable of withstanding the violence of the torrent, which threatens soon to inundate all our provinces."

Like the trembling wretch at whose feet the lightning strikes the ground, Alva turns pale. "I will go," he hastily replied, "and crush the audacious rebels. The sea shall not be more favorable to them than has been the land: on that element will I encounter them, if they dare to await my attack: and William and his ships shall either fall into my power, or, fired by my thunder, be swallowed up in the deep. Thou, Frederic! instantly depart: with the flower of our troops, haste to the combat. Valiant Bossut! assembled under thy orders, let the fleet urge its rapid course, and cover all the neighbouring seas."

The fame of the conquest of Vorn resounded beyond the rocky shores of Albion—beyond the banks of Meuse and Rhine. The Belgic provinces are astonished, are filled with tumultuous rapture: but as, at the return of spring, when the furrows begin to open to the genial rays of the sun, retreating Boreas looks back with a frown on the plains he had abandoned, and with his freezing blast pours death into the entrails of the earth—so Alva displays his terrific countenance. Brussels saw his eyes sparkle with wrath, and bowed her head in silent awe.

(*To be continued.*)

Modern LIFE *delineated.*

(*Continued from page* 449.)

THE newspapers had been disregarded by the young people previous to their cousin's departure: but they were now anxiously sought after, and eagerly perused. No account of a secret expedition, or of any engagement with the enemy, satisfied their curiosity, or relieved their anxiety. In their father's presence, they avoided expressing the least uneasiness upon Edward's account: but, the moment they retired to their chamber, Emma freely indulged her fatal forebodings, and Gertrude most affectionately labored to appease them.—In general, her efforts were not unavailing; for there was a mild persuasion in her deportment and voice, blended with good sense and tenderness, too irresistible to fail of its effect upon one who had not resolution to think for herself, or fortitude to bear a temporary separation from the object of her warm affection.

One evening, as they were returning with their father from a visit in the neighbourhood, they fancied they heard the cheerful sound of the village bells, and a distinct noise of rejoicing in the valley.—As they

descended the mountain, the loud huzzas of the villagers proclaimed some unexpected news. Fortunately they met a woman and her child, who had just quitted the noisy group; and from her they learned that the French had been defeated, and that war would soon be over. "God grant it!" exclaimed Mr. Lloyd with energy: "for a few years of smiling peace will restore to us the blessings we have so many years despised: and, in a few days, I hope we shall learn the fate of your cousin Edward."

Emma burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"My dear sister!" said Gertrude with the utmost emotion, "do not thus give way to your feelings. You are unmindful of that Providence who sustains the life even of the birds who are fluttering around us. How many of these escape the destructive hand of man! and may we not hope that Edward has escaped the hands of his enemies? Believe me, it is ungrateful to form imaginary evils."

"I am surprised, Emma," said Mr. Lloyd with a degree of sternness in his countenance quite unusual with him, "that you behave in so childish and improper a manner. Don't you think your sister is equally anxious? Yet she has the prudence to consult the happiness of her friends by confining the uneasiness she feels to her own bosom." —Mr. Lloyd was prevented from proceeding; for, at this moment, a group of villagers assembled around them, bearing upon a pole the figure of a man made up of rags.

"Who is this you have thus exalted?" said Mr. Lloyd to them.

"Only Bonypart," they all with one voice exclaimed: "we are going to make a bonfire of him; and we hope your honor will give us something to drink destruction to him."

"I never throw away my money for the destruction of mankind: but, if you are willing to drink the health of our good king, and prosperity to our country, follow me home; and I will give you both meat and drink. But you must bring your wives and children with you, to partake of the repast. It is unmanly, in the hour of rejoicing, to think of revenge."

"I believe your honor is right," they all exclaimed: "so, long live the king! and no more of Bonypart."

"But, your honor," said one of the villagers, "I thought we ought always to rejoice when we had vanquished our enemies."

"As you observe," replied Mr. Lloyd, "we certainly ought to rejoice at the success of our friends and countrymen: but we ought to rejoice with moderation; and our gratitude should be expressed for their preservation, and not for the death of thousands who have never injured us."

"We know your honor's no Dissenter, or we should think you were a rank *Jackybine*: but, thank God, you are a churchman, and a good churchman; and so you would hate French principles in British hearts."

"Even if I were not a churchman," said Mr. Lloyd, smiling, "I should oppose them with all my might: and I am persuaded there are thousands, of other religions, who would do the same. As to Dissenters, believe me, neighbours, they have hearts as noble and as loyal as our own. I formerly was acquainted with one of that sect, whose virtues and justice would have done honor to a crown."

"Perhaps, sir, you might think so, and yet be deceived by a

pearances. Why, I have heard say that those Dissenters will not pray upon a fast-day!"

"You have been misinformed: for they pray with fervor, that our countrymen may be shielded by the arm of Omnipotence in the awful day of battle."

"But they do not pray that all our enemies may be *stirpated* from the earth."

"Heaven forbid that any Christian minister should pray for an event so horrible! for mercy is always a more acceptable offering to God, than revenge.—If you had offended one of your neighbours, would you not think him extremely wicked, if he were constantly uttering curses against you?"

"Why, to be sure, I should, sir: but our enemies and our neighbours are very different things."

"And yet, William, they were all created by the same wise and good parent; and, you may depend upon it, he did not give us life to destroy each other. It is only the bad passions of mankind which sanction deeds so opposite to human nature. It is therefore more consistent with our Protestant religion to pray that peace may be spread over every nation in the world, and that it may be the means of uniting them as brothers, than to pray that thousands may be destroyed, to avenge the insults offered to us by a few individuals: and, though the ruler of the French nation is a disgrace to humanity, we must be prejudiced and wicked indeed, to declare that every Frenchman is equally vile."

After the villagers had regaled themselves with good ale and cold beef, as night was now fast approaching, they gave three cheers to Mr. Lloyd and his family, and then quietly retired to their own homes. As soon as they were departed, Gertrude said to her father, "I never knew, sir, that you had been acquainted with any Dissenters from the established church: and I assure you, my dear father, my curiosity is excited to learn who the gentleman was, that you mentioned to-night."

"He was, Gertrude,

"A man—take him for all in all—
I ne'er shall look upon his like again!

"The study of his life was to be useful to his fellow creatures; and his liberal heart embraced every nation in the world, as his brethren. He considered them as heirs to one great mansion.—Those who were without the law, he hoped, had hearts, and good works to accomplish their future happiness:—but those who had the enlightened spirit of the Gospel to direct their path, he considered as more forcibly called upon to pay obedience, reverence, and love, to the great Creator.—His language in the pulpit was sublime, pure, and heavenly, beyond your conception. The mellow tones of his voice interested every hearer; and, where he pointed out the duties incumbent upon mankind, the heart was ready to exclaim, 'Here is a teacher worthy of our attention and love!' But in private life his virtues shone the most conspicuously. He married, unfortunately, a companion of his sister—one of those trifling women, whose capacity extends no further than the fashion of a new bonnet—or the happiest mode of preserving strawberries whole. But he treated her with as much tenderness and respect, as though her mind had been congenial with his own. His unbounded care of his children's morals and education was a constant source of amusement and happiness to him. In public, he was their constant companion and

friend, and at home their father and tutor. To the poor of every religion, he was an adviser, a patron, and a friend. But, with all his virtues, few had more enemies to contend with. Calumny converted his noblest actions into hypocrisy; and his best advice from the pulpit was ridiculed as mere cant. If he had been of our church, I am convinced his fame would have been immortalised, and his virtues would have proved the theme of every tongue.—Believe me, Gertrude, it is the proof of a narrow mind to ask what the religion of any individual is, before you will venture to applaud his merit. Never confine your praise to one mode of faith, or your esteem to any particular nation: for, as there are good and bad of every religion, equally so are there virtuous and vicious people in every country; and we cannot say that *we* are either exempt from bad passions, or fulfill the commands contained in the Scriptures with perfect uprightness of heart. We have not therefore any substantial reason for taking upon ourselves the office of judges against our countrymen, or those of any other nation; and, if we search into our own hearts, we shall find ample cause for lenity to all the world."

"How few, sir, are of your opinion!" said Gertrude. "You must recollect the conversation which passed, a few weeks since, at Mr. Williams's, when Colonel Perton and Doctor Wilson declared that every Dissenter was struggling for liberty; and the fiery enthusiasm of republicanism would eventually succeed, if the most rigorous methods were not pursued to crush their daring spirits."

"I do remember it, Gertrude: and it is not the first time that I have heard men of acknowledged talents, and with minds, upon every other subject, far above narrow prejudices, express sentiments as diametrically opposite to every law of justice and humanity. In every civilised nation, it is both proper and requisite to have a regular form of religion established. But if, from sincere mental conviction, a few individuals conscientiously believe that the mode of faith which they have adopted is more acceptable to the great Omnipotent than the established one, it is extremely unjustifiable to mark them out as enemies to their king and country: for the light of reason would be a useless boon to mankind, if they did not follow the dictates of that reason in endeavouring to secure their happiness hereafter. The ignorant and the superstitious I cannot censure upon this head; for their mistaken zeal, and their abhorrence of people who dissent from them, arise from the weakness of their understanding, not from the malice of their hearts: but, when men of education indulge sentiments so inequitable, I cannot withhold my indignation.—I often wish that religious and political discussions were avoided in mixed parties; for, in general, they interrupt the sweets of social conversation; and, when they are carried to excess, politeness degenerates into rudeness, and friendship into enmity. And such is the prevalent fashion of the present day, that a man who would devote his life in defence of his country, would be looked upon with a jealous eye, if he presumed to avow his regard for any Dissenters from the established church. But these selfish principles, I trust, will gradually wear away: and, as there is a probability of the principles of every man in the kingdom being called to exertion, I trust, that, in

the important hour of danger, one spirit of loyalty will breathe through the whole mass of society.—Though I am an enemy to war, I confess I should be the foremost to protect this land from the insulting power of an invader: and I hope there is not an individual who enjoys the pure air of liberty, and the rich blessings of domestic peace in this country, but would firmly unite in repelling those who would bring misery and irretrievable ruin into this happy isle. It is, therefore, the part, not only of humanity, but of policy, to avoid irritating the feelings of any of our countrymen; since we do not know to whose protecting arm we may be indebted for our own preservation."

The following morning, when the young people joined their father in the breakfast-room, after his usual benediction, he informed them that he had pleasant news of Edward to communicate; and, taking up the newspaper, read a very warm eulogium on his conduct and bravery in the recent engagement with the French in Egypt.

Emma's joy exceeded the bounds of reason. She clasped her father round his neck, kissed the paper he was reading, and then threw herself into a chair, to weep.—Gertrude, in the mean time, fixed her eyes anxiously upon her father's countenance, and, in trembling accents, asked if Edward was well.

"Perfectly so, my love: and, in two months, I hope we shall see him once more among us.—I have received a few lines from him, stating his safety: but his modesty has deterred him from repeating his own exploits. He merely says that he hopes he shall not return unworthy of our affection."

"I thank you, my dear father, for this pleasing intelligence: it is all I was anxious to learn."

"But I have more news to communicate. Your worthy god-mother is going to Barmoth for five weeks, and begs I will permit you to accompany her. She assures me it will be a pleasant excursion. Her daughters go with her; and Mr. Parry's family from Moor Park meet them there."

"I wish, sir, you would allow me to decline the invitation, and permit my sister Emma to occupy my place: I know she will be delighted with the jaunt."

"If it is agreeable to Emma, I am perfectly satisfied. I think, indeed, Emma will derive infinite pleasure and improvement in so amiable a society; for Mrs. Pope is both an accomplished and a good woman; and her daughters are universally esteemed for their pleasing manners, and admired for the beauty and elegance of their persons."

Emma was so transported with the joys which hope placed in her view, that she was rendered quite incapable of arranging her own affairs. Gertrude therefore kindly gave her assistance, fixed upon the most becoming dresses for her, and assisted the maid in packing up her clothes.

(*To be continued.*)

The Adopted Child;
a Novel.
By two Sisters.

Sir William Manby was one of those favored beings who pass through life without experiencing any of its miseries. The heir of an affluent fortune, the husband of an amiable wife, the father of a fine family, no corroding sensations interrupted his domestic felicity; and those feelings which nature bestow-

ed on him, were of that negative kind, in which the heart had no share.

He was a living machine, whose secret spring the touch of parental authority could direct at pleasure. Guided by a hand so judicious, no wonder that the docile mind of Sir William yielded to its force. The death of his father left him without a guide: but the recollection of his precepts served him as a model, by which to regulate his future conduct. The tenor of his whole life was consistent and uniform: in short, he proved an admirable copy of an excellent original.—In the choice of a wife, his inclinations had not been consulted; but he felt no repugnance to the match. Miss Burnaby's father was the approved friend of his parents; and this idea was sufficient to fix his affections.—Twelve years had now elapsed since their union; and he declared himself perfectly happy.

Mr. Burnaby was rector of the parish in which Sir William lived. —Lady Manby, and another daughter, who was married to a Scotch gentleman of good fortune, were his only surviving children. Sir William's second son chiefly resided with the venerable rector, who carefully instilled into the mind of his grandchild every sentiment which could dignify human nature. The avidity with which this amiable youth imbibed every idea of moral perfection, afforded to his delighted grandfather the most grateful satisfaction: he requested to have the sole care of his education; and Sir William readily acquiesced.

Mr. Burnaby's house was situated in the most pleasant part of Buckinghamshire; and its vicinity to a considerable market-town rendered it both convenient and agreeable.—His society was courted by the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, to all of whom his unaffected piety, and exemplary manners, particularly recommended him.

Among the many worthy families who resided near the village, none were more endeared to Mr. Burnaby, than the inhabitants of Sedley-House.—Mr. and Mrs. Montague, after many bitter reverses of fortune, at length, by the death of Mr. Montague's brother (a rich nabob) became the possessors of an ample fortune. Pleased with the Gothic appearance of Sedley-House, they had purchased it, and had, at this period, resided there many years.—The solemn gloom which pervaded this seat of antiquity, corresponded with the taste of its dejected owners:—the sable shade of the shrubberies, whose thick foliage excluded the rays of the sun—the Gothic windows, and the high-raised walls—all contributed to sooth the melancholy by which they were characterised.

They hailed this abode, as a retreat from a world in which they had known little else than sorrow; and they entered it, with a firm persuasion, that here they should experience as much happiness as their numerous disappointments left them the power to enjoy.

Though dead to the world, they were alive to the call of humanity: —just, charitable, and humane, they alternately fed and clothed the poor and the aged; and, in order to stimulate a spirit of industry, they annexed to labor an honorable reward.—"Indolence," Mr. Montague would emphatically say, "is the nurse of vice; and, whether fostered in the breast of a peasant or a prince, is equally subversive of every moral and generous principle."

Mr. Montague's nephew had mar-

ried Mr. Burnaby's eldest daughter; and this union had more firmly cemented their friendship.—Every summer, it was Mr. and Mrs. Montague's custom to visit their nephew and niece in Scotland: and, as the journey was long and tedious, they generally went in May, and returned in September.

Mr. Burnaby had given an invitation to his grand-daughter Caroline to spend some time with her brother William. When the return of Mr. and Mrs. Montague was announced, he hastened to welcome their arrival—at once prompted by paternal solicitude, and his anxiety for the welfare of his worthy friends; while his wish of introducing his little charge, proved an additional motive.

The sight of the rector was at all times highly agreeable: it was now particularly so; and he saw, with a transport which he could not conceal, that the features of Mrs. Montague were unusually animated. He indulged the philanthropy of his heart in silent ejaculations to Heaven at this unhoped-for discovery, and thus expressed the joy he felt—"Ah! my dear madam! shall these aged eyes close with the pleasing idea that my exhortations have not been ineffectual, and that peace and resignation will once more revisit your bosom?" But a deep sigh, from Mr. Montague, recalled his imagination to those dear objects he came to inquire after.—Mrs. Montague answered his affectionate inquiries with the happy news of his daughter's welfare.—He then introduced his little favorite, who was received with peculiar marks of delight.—He arose to depart, and was accompanied to the gate by Mrs. Montague, whose smiles at parting were so forcibly impressed on his imagination, that he retired to his study, where the family were assembled to prayers, more than ever persuaded (notwithstanding Mr. Montague's sighs) that some happy circumstance must have arisen, to occasion such a visible alteration.

Mr. Burnaby's feelings would not suffer him to sleep: he arose at an early hour; and, after offering at the throne of mercy his accustomed adoration, he slowly proceeded toward Sedley-House.—He entered the parlour with the freedom of an old acquaintance, and, taking up a book, patiently waited a summons to breakfast. He was no sooner seated, than the appearance of a beautiful girl, apparently about twelve years old, drew off his attention.—Her confusion at seeing a stranger was increased by his addressing her: but the mildness which accompanied his queries, failed not of its effect: she was going to reply, when Mr. and Mrs. Montague entered the room. Breakfast was immediately ordered; and, during the repast, not a word escaped, which could authorise Mr. Burnaby to make the intended inquiry.—He was silently contemplating the expressive countenance of the fair object before him, when she retired from the table; and, upon Mrs. Montague's whispering to her, suddenly quitted the room.

She was no sooner gone, than the venerable rector, on a supposition that she was some distant relative, revived the old topic, by expatiating on the opportunity now afforded them of rearing a tender plant, whose future excellence might repay their generous protection. "She seems," said the worthy man, "a subject whose rising merit will unfold to your benevolent minds that conviction which I have long labored to impress, that your lives were of consequence to society."

Mr. Montague shook his head, and immediately quitted the room.

Affected by the interest which the good rector discovered in his eager inquiries after the fair stranger, Mrs. Montague instantly related her history, as follows—

"You know it has long been our custom, as often as we go to Edinburgh, to visit an old friend of Mr. Montague's in the north of Scotland. We delayed our visit, this year, till the latter end of July.—A few days after my arrival at Knockanda, I had occasion to go to Elgin, to purchase a few yards of ribbon. I was busied in looking over a fresh assortment, said to be just arrived from London, when the entrance of a tall genteel-looking officer diverted my attention. He appeared on the verge of fifty: his features were harsh and unpleasant; and a settled gravity, which bespoke pride rather than dejection, gave a disagreeable cast to his countenance: but, in a voice modulated by pity, he inquired 'how the poor English lady did?'—'I *dinna ken*,' answered, in broad Scotch, a man who stood behind the counter.—'Go then, Sandy,' resumed the officer, 'and learn if your mistress can tell.'—Sandy left us, and returned again in a few minutes with his mistress, who thus answered the inquiries of the officer.—'She is very ill indeed, sir; and the apothecary says, that, unless she can cease crying, (for she weeps incessantly) she cannot hold it out long.—What you ordered,' continued she (lowering her voice) 'I had conveyed in the most delicate manner: but she appears insensible to every thing, except her little girl—laments her distance from England; and this idea generally produces strong convulsions.'—'Then nothing can be done for her,' interrupted the officer: 'but, while I live, her little girl shall never want a friend.'—Saying this, he walked out of the shop.

"I instantly applied to Mrs. Mackintosh for further information.—'All that I know of the lady, madam,' she replied, 'is this. About five years ago, Mr. Mackintosh's correspondent in Edinburgh wrote to him, to desire that he would procure genteel apartments in Elgin, for a lady and her maid.—The best which this place afforded, we hired; and, in a month after, the lady arrived, with her little girl, and a middle-aged woman for a servant.—She appeared in a deep decline—said her name was Cavendish—that she chose to live retired; which she begged might be signified to any ladies of the place who should talk of visiting her.—Ever since her residence here, she has seen no one, except myself; and, to my knowledge, she has never written or received any letters since she came. That a lady, who really seems a most accomplished woman, should be so totally destitute of connexions, is matter of general wonder throughout the town, more particularly since the increase of her illness, which, I believe, as it has been long and expensive, proves distressing to her on many accounts.—I see her every day: but, as the same reserve still continues, I am as great a stranger to her affairs, as I was at the moment when we first met. Having myself been educated in England, we sometimes talk of that country; which appears to afford her great delight. No particular county is ever the subject of our conversation, nor has she even dropped the least hint, by which I could trace whence she came.—As she is sensible that her end is rapidly approaching, she seems very anxious to find a protector for her beautiful daughter.'

"'I will be that protector,' I ea-

gerly cried, 'if you will but get me introduced to the lady.—Tell her my name: say that I live in England, retired in the country—have no child of my own—and shall be happy to supply a mother's place to her orphan daughter.'

"Mrs. Mackintosh appeared delighted with my proposition, and readily undertook to introduce me.

"I promised to call the next morning, and returned home highly pleased with my adventure.—Satisfied that Mr. Montague would not oppose my plan, I communicated to our astonished host my intention.—He had never heard of the lady, but lavished great encomiums on the officer, of whose humanity he had seen such instances as almost exceeded credibility.—Then reverting to the subject of the unfortunate lady, he added, 'His reserve to me on this occasion I shall not fail to ridicule; though he will pretend to justify it, by telling me that I am a sieve formed of such coarse materials as none but a fool would use. But, notwithstanding his severity,' continued our good-humoured friend, 'he is a very benevolent character.'

"Early the next morning, I went to Mrs. Mackintosh, who received me with pleasure—having obtained Mrs. Cavendish's permission to introduce me.—Although at first I felt extremely aukward at the idea of seeing her, yet the joy which Mrs. Mackintosh told me she expressed on her mentioning my name and country, reconciled me to the interview; and I instantly accompanied Mrs. Mackintosh to her lodgings.

"On our arrival, we were ushered into a neat dining-room, where, after waiting a considerable time, the servant entered, and apologised for having detained us so long, and said that her mistress had been seised with one of her fits, occasioned by the agitation of her spirits at the idea of seeing a stranger. Distressed, beyond measure, at this intelligence, I more than half repented of my visit, and was on the point of retiring, when the entrance of the maid a second time obliged me to abandon my design:—she said her mistress was now prepared to see me.

"Mrs. Mackintosh led the way; and I followed, not a little agitated. But, ah! my dear sir! here description fails; and I am inadequate to the task of telling you either what I saw, or what I felt, on entering the chamber of this unfortunate lady."

Here a gentle shower of tears prevented Mrs. Montague from proceeding.—A pause succeeded, uninterrupted by the attentive rector.—In a few moments she recovered herself, and thus resumed her narrative—

(*To be continued.*)

Solitary Musings *in a* Country Church.

By Mr. Webb, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

(*Continued from page* 451.)

Being in a contemplative mood, I paid my fourth visit to a Country Church, and enjoyed the solemn gratification of musing among the tombs.—Day's refulgent monarch was above the horizon, and had painted the western hills with purple and gold: his universal eye darted through the windows a golden radiance, and illuminated the capacious dome.—As I took a cursory glance around the spacious mansion, I observed that no sumptuous monuments decorated the walls, or adorned the pillars. There no hero, returned from the tented plain, with all "his blooming honors thick upon him," had

bid adieu to the echoes of renown, and the clamors of popular applause, and had experienced a sweet quietus :—no celebrated statesman, who had buoyed up his sinking country—no poet, who had "wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre," reposed below. Nor—as I have seen in some country churches—were fragments of rusty armour and tattered military trophies there displayed.—Here may I be allowed to enter my humble protest against the prevalent custom of exhibiting the blood-stained ensigns of war in the temple of the God of peace.—From a Christian fane, dedicated solely to religion, where the glad tidings of salvation are published, these mementoes of bloodshed, havock, and desolation, ought to be banished, that, with feelings unhurt and attention undiverted, the humble suppliant may worship his Maker "in spirit and in truth."

Down the north aisle—no tablet tells the spot—are laid the ruins of a fabric, once occupied by a singular character. Fortune smiled on his birth, and Learning led him through her classic bowers. His genius—a brilliant of the first water—was polished by the hand of Science. Conscious of his literary worth, *Alma Mater* rewarded his scientific exertions with a diploma. But, alas! when his fond relatives expected that he would have shone a conspicuous luminary in the sphere of physic, and the world hoped to reap the benefits of his physical researches—allured by intemperance, he became a confirmed devotee to Bacchus, and drowned his shining talents in the juice of the grape, till Poverty, that meagre spectre, drove him to seek refuge in a sordid hut; and disease, the never-failing concomitant of ebriety, at length, invited Death to call him away from his obscure abode of rags and wretchedness.—'Tis a humiliating consideration for human nature, and as true as it is humiliating, that no creature, but man, is ever the subject of intoxication.

"Yes! man, vile man—whose nobler kind
Should scorn to act beneath the [beast—
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kills his soul, to please his taste.

"Does *he* deserve th' immortal name
Of man, who sinks so far below?
Will God, the maker of his frame,
Endure to see him spoil it so?

"Can he e'er think of heav'n and grace,
Or happy immortality?
Can his vile ghost expect a place
Among the shining souls on high?

"The meanest seat is too refin'd
To entertain a drunkard there.
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind,
Repent, or perish in despair."

Watts's Reliquiæ Juveniles.

Reflecting on this unhappy victim of intemperate habit, I was led to exclaim—"How often has the feeling heart been called to sigh over the aberrations of genius! Who can read of the improvidence of Savage, the prodigality of Boyse, the intemperance of Burns, the proud impatience of Chatterton, and the disgusting irregularities of Dermody, without lamenting their imprudence, regretting the prostitution of their talents, and dropping the tear of sympathy over their premature fate?"

As I finished this short soliloquy, mine eye was attracted by a flat marble, whose inscription was obliterated by the frequent tread of those who attended divine service.—Beneath it, lies a pious lady, who, though exposed to all the snares that beset the path of prosperity, and to the allurements that wait in the train of affluence, passed a blameless, useful, exemplary life; and, the whole round of moral and religious duties being fulfilled, she

sunk to rest, as calmly as yon resplendent luminary is now descending to the ocean wave. Before her death, she requested her minister to improve the solemn occasion, by preaching a funeral sermon from Solomon's Song, 2, 3—"I sat under his shadow with great delight; and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

Though low in dust her mouldering frame is laid—though Oblivion strives to draw his ebon mantle over her memory—yet the fame of the just shall never, never die. When this broad earth, and its variegated scenery, shall be dissolved, and when yon bright sky, with all its rolling wonders, shall be involved in one universal ruin—then her happy glorified spirit

"Will smile serene amid a found'ring world."

This amiable lady was a character well worthy the imitation of every fair reader.

"Daughters of Eve, come trace these heav'nly lines :
Feel with what pow'r the bright example shines.
She was what *you* should be.—Young virgins ! come,
Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb.
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road :
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons ! frequent her grave, with thoughts refin'd
Gaze, and transcribe the beauties of her mind ;
And let her live in you." *Watts.*

Yes, ye fair readers of the Lady's Magazine ! this venerable female worthy is a proper exemplar for you to copy from. While the lily and the rose are sweetly blended on your cheeks, and health and vivacity give a lustre to your eyes, and smiles to your countenances, reflect that personal attractions are transient, short-lived as the flower, uncertain as an April sunbeam. Sickness may soon divest you of that carnation blush, and spread a livid paleness in its place. Those flaxen ringlets and auburn tresses, where the Loves and Graces sport, must turn to grey !—Time, as the poet sings, on your heads will snow, and death will drop his sable curtain, and close the eventful scene of mortal existence.

Since outward charms are evanescent, may it be your earnest endeavour to attain the beauties of the mind. Mental accomplishments will defy the withering hand of Age, and the cold touch of Death.

"Believe the Muse ; the wint'ry blast of fate
Kills not the buds of virtue : no ! they spread,
Beneath the heav'nly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages." *Thomson.*

(*To be continued.*)

The OLD WOMAN.

(*Continued from page* 465.)

No. 11.—HAPPINESS *independent of* RANK *and* FORTUNE.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith !"

THAT happiness depends neither upon the unstable possession of riches, nor upon the dignities which are attached to an exalted station, is one of those common-place observations, which the generality of mankind are ready to allow. Yet, in spite of this universal co-incidence of sentiment, with what avidity is wealth sought after ! with what unceasing labor attained ! and to acquire distinction and honors, a still more anxious, a still more fatiguing exertion for the mind !—After days and years spent in mental and bodily exertion, we will suppose for a moment, that those long-wished-for objects are obtained : in imagination, we will behold the emblazoned coronet giving distinction to the rolling equipage : by the embodying power of fancy, we will take a view of the newly-erected

mansion, where a Pilkington or a Wyatt displays the chaste elegance of taste: we will behold sterile lands converted into smiling landscapes, where Flora might have taken up her residence, or where Pomona might have delighted to reign.—By the magic hand of Mr. Brown, we view rivers taught to run in dry places: by the strong-nerved arm of laborious industry, we see mountains elevated on smooth plains, gently sloping down to the mæandering streamlet, which, in serpentine directions, winds round the extensive domain.—The delighted eye gazes with astonishment at the enchanting prospect, which, by the striking contrast between its former and its present state, appears like the work of sorcery; and we unthinkingly exclaim, "The possessor of this Elysium must surely be the happiest of the happy!"

We ascend the wide-extended steps of the attractive edifice—at once struck with the individual elegance of the Ionic pillars, and the aggregate beauty of the colonnade.—The folding doors are at that moment thrown open—and the combination of art, taste, and elegance, presented to the astonished sight! Architecture and sculpture here vie with each other: the goddesses Minerva and Diana appear actually endowed with life; while a lute in Apollo's hand, actuated by a secret spring touched by one of the attendants, breathes forth strains of the most harmonious kind.—The materials, as well as the workmanship, are calculated to inspire admiration; as the marble has all been procured from Paros's* celebrated isle, and the flooring is composed of the same rare and costly commodity.—The interior apartments all display an equal degree of elegance, magnificence, and taste—gilded mirrors, extending from the floor to the cieling, and paintings by all the first masters in the Italian states.

"The possessor of these treasures," we again involuntarily exclaim, "*must* be happy!"—Short-sighted mortals that we are, to suppose that internal happiness depends upon external delights! and, ere we quit this abode of grandeur and magnificence, we pay its wretched master the tribute of a sigh.—We are informed by one of his domestics, that, since the erection of the superb habitation, he has been seised with a disease, not only excruciating, but apprehended to be incurable; that his days are passed in unremitting torture, and his tedious nights without the enjoyment of sleep;—that his only son, the first object of his tenderness and affection, for whom he incessantly labored to acquire that wealth and dignity, which, with so much solicitude, he has obtained, was killed by a fall from his horse on the anniversary of his natal day—and, to render the fatal stroke more afflictive, on the very day on which he became of age;—that his daughter, his only surviving progeny, had formed an attachment to a man whose principles her father despised; and who, in all political concerns, had invariably evinced contempt for, and opposition to, the wishes of the being, to whom by marriage he was so nearly allied.

After a description like this—and, alas! it is drawn without exaggeration—who would envy the lord of the princely abode the possession of his extensive park, his mæandering rivers, or his gardens abounding with fruit and flowers? A body tortured by disease, and a mind suffering under the severest of human afflic-

* Paros, an island in the Archipelago, famous for beautiful white marble.

tions, not only blunt, but destroy the power of enjoyment; and, to complete the misfortunes of this newly-created nobleman, his wife was totally destitute of conjugal attachment.

Instead of envying the lot of this ill-fated man of consequence, we may surely exclaim, "Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is," than all the pageantry which attends greatness, but is incapable of bestowing real happiness.—I have been led to make these reflexions, by a scene of domestic enjoyment which I recently witnessed, and which forms a most striking contrast to the picture I have been sketching.

Tempted by the loveliness of the day, and the account I had read of the antiquity of Dandelion, I was induced to accompany a few friends in a walk to that place; and, having seen every thing that was worthy of observation, we seated ourselves in one of the alcoves, and ordered tea.—Having partaken of this social meal, and found ourselves refreshed by it, I proposed returning to Margate, as the sun was setting in all its glory, and, to the delighted eye, had the appearance of being entombed in the expansive element.—We had not proceeded above half a mile, when the azure clouds collected, and, by their casual combinations, presented a variety of fantastic forms; the wind suddenly arose, and the canopy of heaven indicated a rapidly approaching storm.—In vain we quickened our pace: the dreaded evil overtook us:—fortunately, however, we were not far distant from shelter: a cottage near a mill was within a few yards' distance; and we hastened towards it, for the purpose of soliciting admission.—The willing latch instantly yielded to the finger's gentle pressure, and opened to us a scene of devout thankfulness to the great Parent of the universe:—the master of the humble dwelling was in the act of giving praise to the Almighty for the wholesome, but simple diet which was smoking upon the board. He held his broad-brimmed hat in one hand: the other was piously elevated: and his eyes were raised to heaven, with the liveliest expression of gratitude.—Not a muscle of his benignant countenance was moved by our abrupt entrance; but, the moment he had concluded his ejaculation, he turned about, and presented one of the finest pictures of declining nature, that my eyes had ever been fixed upon.

"Walk in, ladies! walk in, I entreat you," said the old man in a most inviting tone. "Peggy," added he, turning to a young woman, "set the ladies some chairs, my love."—We apologised for our intrusion at so unseasonable a period. "Why, ladies," said the old man in a jocose accent, "you could not have come at a better time; and, if you will be pleased to partake of the blessings God Almighty has bountifully bestowed upon us, you are heartily welcome; and I beg you will be seated."—Their supper consisted of broiled dried whitings, with a smoking dish of boiled potatoes*, to which Peggy was adding a little dripping, and mashing the mixture in a large wooden bowl.—The family group consisted of the venerable being I have been describing—his son, a young man apparently about seven and twenty years of age—with his pretty wife Peggy, and two rosy-faced little boys.—The old man picked out one of the largest whitings for his daughter-in-law, saying, "My dear child, while you are mashing those potatoes, the fish will be cold; and, God knows, you are so

* For the best mode of cooking potatoes, see page 519 of our present Number. EDITOR.

willing to take care of others, that nobody ought to forget you."—"I am sure we can, none of us, do too much for you, father," replied Peggy, putting two spoonfuls of the mashed potatoes upon his plate. "God grant I may not live to require too much kindness from you, Peggy! God grant I may never be a burden to you!"—"I tell you what, father," said the young man, who, till now, had preserved a total silence, "if you go on talking so, I sha'n't be able to eat another mouthful! Burden, indeed! *who* supported my wife and children for a matter of six months, when I broke my leg? and, for the matter of that, whose house do we now live in? and who is it that helps to give my children their daily bread?"

"Tut, tut, Will!" exclaimed the venerable owner of the humble dwelling: "it was through the blessing of God Almighty, that I was enabled to save a little matter, that supported you when you had the misfortune to break your leg:—to *Him* give the praise: to *Him* give the glory; for we are poor miserable creatures, and have no help of ourselves."

"Every good gift, my friend, is doubtless derived from the Father of mercies," I observed, addressing myself to the old man: "but your son and daughter appear both aware that it falls not to the lot of every one to be blessed with so good a father as yourself."

"Those who are not good fathers, madam, do not deserve to be blessed with children," replied the old man: "but both myself and my dear wife (who is now, I hope, in heaven) always studied the happiness of our children; and, though I say it, who should not say it, I do not think there is a more united family in the whole Isle of Thanet."

"From the specimen I have seen, my respected friend, I perfectly agree in this opinion," I rejoined: "and I assure you I have derived more secret satisfaction from the scene of domestic happiness I have witnessed this evening, than from all the gaieties of Margate."

"And you have had *that*, madam, without paying for it," said my respectable new acquaintance; "and *that*, as a body may say, is an uncommon thing at Margate: yet, to be sure, one can't blame any body for making hay while the sun shines."

As the storm had by this time ceased, and the wind abated, we took leave of this amiable and attached family—confirmed in the opinion that fortune is not essential to the happiness of individuals; but that it is only to be derived from the unanimity of near connexions, and a pious resignation to the dispensations of the Almighty.

The secret satisfaction I enjoyed from the scene I had so recently witnessed, was rendered doubly impressive by my accidentally meeting an old acquaintance, who had been spending a few weeks with a newly-created baronet, at no very great distance.—The elegance of the mansion, the beauty of the pleasure-grounds which surrounded it, and the luxury of the entertainment, could not prevent my friend from feeling an indescriptible gratification at finding herself in a comparatively humble lodging.—Domestic happiness had never entered the magnificent dwelling:—there, gloomy Grandeur sat erected upon her ebon throne: all was form, parade, and ostentation; and the adorning smiles of cheerfulness and conciliation were alike unknown!—That endearing intercourse, which ought to subsist between parent and children, was converted into the ceremonials of a

court: and all the exquisite sensibilities of affection were swallowed up in the formality of etiquette.

How enviable, by comparison, appeared the condition of the cottager, loving and beloved by his amiable family! Solomon's remark forcibly occurred to my imagination; and the dinner of herbs would have been preferred to a stalled ox, or a turtle feast.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 455.)

CHAP. 18.

. . . . What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; [to grace it.
For truth hath better deeds than words
. . . .
Cease to lament for what thou can'st not help; [lament'st.
And study help from that which thou
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Shakspeare.

LADY Monson advanced with a most ungracious air. "So, ladies! how do you do?" said she, in a tone of derision. "From your countenances, I fear I am but an unwelcome intruder; for Miss Monson seems to receive me with tears, rather than smiles."

Her ladyship then proceeded to introduce her companion, and hardly deigned to attend to Mrs. Egerton, while she said, "Separation between those who love each other, my lady, may naturally excite regret; and I cannot but see, in the eagerness with which you reclaim your daughter, the strongest proof of the high value you set on her society."

"As to that. . . ." returned Lady Monson, and there stopped, not knowing what further to say; but, changing the subject, resumed thus—"I fancy, regrets are very general to-day; for we met a fine flashy gentleman in the vestibule, who seemed so overwhelmed with them, that he could not see his way, and almost threw me down. However, once for all, I cannot but say, I wish that he, as well as other people, would mind their own affairs, and not busy themselves with the concerns of *my* family."

The gentle mildness of Mrs. Egerton scarcely knew how to take so ungracious a reproof; and poor Julia, shocked to the soul at such behaviour, abruptly quitted the room. Sir Bettesworth also, unwilling to witness such a scene of unpleasant altercation as seemed approaching, made his retreat; and her ladyship's career was stopped in a few minutes, by one of her servants coming in to inform her that something was wrong about the carriage, and that she could not possibly proceed before the next morning, when it would be completely repaired.

This intelligence did not by any means restore her ladyship's good humour: but, as she was under the necessity of remaining all night where she was, she could not in decency vent the peevishness she felt; and therefore relapsed into a disdainful silence.

Mrs. Egerton seemed glad of any reprieve to prolong Julia's stay, and sought out poor Richmond, who was pacing the terrace, with hurried steps and violent emotion.

"Is she gone?" he exclaimed, the moment he beheld Mrs. Egerton: but, after an instant's consideration, he added, "To *me*, it makes little difference. I will not quit Woodfield, while Julia remains: but I shall stay, unseen, unknown to any but yourself. How, after what has passed, can I bear the insignificance of common conversation? or how submit to that distant behaviour, which I am yet constrained to practise toward the beloved of my soul?"

"And will you, therefore," said

Mrs. Egerton "skulk in obscurity, and pusillanimously avoid a family whom you mean hereafter to ask for the brightest jewel they possess?—No! let not this be said—nor that I entertain a guest whom I shrink from presenting to this uncourteous sister."

There was a something in this observation, which convinced Frederic that his inclinations must be given up in this instance; and he therefore returned with Mrs. Egerton to the drawing-room, where he was of course introduced to Lady Monson and Sir Bettesworth, as "Mr. Richmond."

The former scarcely condescended to rise from her seat: but the latter immediately recollected, and addressed him in French, as Monsieur D'Armontel—inquiring at the same time how long he had been in England.

"Richmond is the name I now bear," replied Frederic, with an embarrassment, which, though painful, was nevertheless dignified. "I have been in England some time: but our mutual recognition, I believe, must be through the eyes, rather than the ears; and I am happy likewise to congratulate *you* on a change of appellation, since I had the honor of meeting you in Paris."

There was a bitter retort in this speech, which, however justly provoked, Sir Bettesworth could not relish. When he was abroad some years before, his circumstances were so low, and his attempts to amend them so desperate—besides many discovered subterfuges at those places of public resort where Frederic had met him—that even French politeness was provoked to give him a nick-name; and he was generally designated as "Pearson, the English sharper." Soon after that period, the acquisition of an estate, to which a change of name was annexed, brought him back to England as Mr. Harrop, no longer Pearson; and, by succession to a baronetage upon an uncle's death a year ago, he was now Sir Bettesworth; and, till thus reminded of the past, he had forgotten that he was ever known as Pearson the sharper.

Without betraying a disgraceful period of his life, he could not take up Frederic's words as he felt them; and therefore, affecting to apply the allusion to his change of name and rank, said, "Thank you, my dear friend! I am happy also to congratulate *you* on the same subject; and I hope you have had as much solid reason to embalm the memory of an old cousin, as I had."

Mrs. Egerton looked shocked at this unfeeling speech; and Frederic, who felt sore upon discussing the subject of his name, though no blame attached to his assuming it, said, "Had we not as well drop such references?"

Though the baronet knew this was to his advantage, and accordingly ceased the conversation, he was mortified to find himself in the power of one who could relate many circumstances to his discredit; and the conviction of a power to do so lighted up a rancorous enmity in his bosom against poor Richmond, which he afterward vented in vilifying and degrading him upon every occasion.

Mrs. Egerton's judgement had been sadly erroneous in her anxiety to introduce her guest: but she thought that the conversation and manners, which had proved all-powerful with herself and Miss Monson, must likewise prepossess the other parts of the family. The situation, however, in which Frederic felt himself that evening, gave an

embarrassment to his manner, which could not fail to strike the most casual observer. Even in his happiest hours, he had more attention than adulation; and, though the powers of the former will eventually make their way, the aid of the latter is always necessary to impress a vain and feeble mind, like that of Lady Monson.

In short, the hours passed most heavily to all parties; and, early in the morning, Mrs. Egerton was at her niece's bedside, to show the following letter, which Richmond had written immediately upon retiring to his apartment.

"Not for worlds, my dear madam, would I pass another hour similar to those of this evening.

"To be looked down upon with haughty contempt, I never can brook—conscious, as I am, that I do not deserve it. Whatever have been my errors, they regarded myself alone; and no human being is entitled to upbraid me. Not one relative of Miss Monson shall ever have cause so to do; and hence, lest my petulance should conquer my prudence, and produce some tart reply to any of her ladyship's sarcastic remarks, I have thus early withdrawn myself.—Alas! my dear madam! 'tis but a prelude to my retreat from your hospitable roof.—In this distressful state of irritation, my resolution enables me to go; and the firmness, which your kind soothings could never have bestowed, I now derive from an opposite source.

"I will not hazard another interview with my idolised Julia, till the period arrive when I can demand it with honor to us both. Absent or present, she is the sole possessor of my thoughts.

"To your goodness I know I may intrust the task of accounting to her for my abrupt departure; and on your lenity I rely for pardoning the violation of forms, in thus absconding, without a personal acknowledgement of those unrequitable obligations I am under to you. In my heart alone they are fully registered; and, till it cease to beat, a sense of your goodness will be indelibly impressed. 'I was a stranger, and you took me in—poor and in misery, and you sheltered me;' but, above all, 'tis through you that I have arrived at a perfect knowledge of those excellencies which have wrought an entire change in my soul.

"You, whose feelings are alive to every finer sensation, may easily conceive the agonies of mine at this instant. If they excite your commiseration, refuse me not the consolation of a line from you, directed to me at Grenier's Hotel, Jermyn Street.

"Once more let me repeat those wishes that are now the prominent feature of my mind. May the Almighty bless and protect you, as well as her, who will be ever uppermost in the heart of your most gratefully obliged, and devoted servant. . . ."

Mrs. Egerton said, she found, upon inquiry, that their poor friend had never gone to bed, but, as soon as the house appeared quiet, had walked off, followed by his servant.

Chap 19.

"For her, has lib'ral nature join'd
  Her richest treasures to the stores of art,
And added, to the firmest mind,
  A soft and sympathising heart,

"A gentle and persuasive look,
  A voice, that might with music vie,
An air, that ev'ry gazer took,
  A matchless eloquence of eye."

Ballad.

The prudence and philosophy of Julia could not always surmount

her feelings, though they controled her actions. Those only, who, like her, have been entangled by an unsanctioned attachment, can comprehend and pity her affliction. She was obliged, under pretence of a bad head-ache, to decline appearing at breakfast: but, on receiving a very ungracious message from her mother, that she must either be ready to proceed on their journey by eleven o'clock, or have a physician called in, she preferred the former—certain that medicine could do nothing "for a mind diseased," and that, by a timely exertion of fortitude, she should be enabled to struggle against an indisposition, which could only be augmented by indulgence.—She was perfectly convinced that Lady Monson would not, from any consideration for her feelings, leave her behind at Woodfield; and to detain the party would only force disagreeable visitors upon her aunt, as well as add to the reproaches which would ultimately fall upon herself.

Accordingly, with all the self-command she possessed, she made herself ready against the appointed hour; and her resolution was in some measure rewarded by the unavoidable occupation which insensibly diverted her mind from dwelling too intently upon painful retrospections.

Lady Monson received her daughter with a cloudy brow; and, as soon as Sir Bettesworth Harrop had finished his compliments of the morning, she said, "Head-ache is often but another word for heart-ache; and, when seen through, generally vanishes at the name of a physician, without the aid of his prescriptions."

In a few minutes, the carriage was announced; and her ladyship's first exclamation, upon entering it, was, "Thank heaven, we're off! Take a good look, Julia, at all the old stunted thorns, or any thing else that suits your fancy; for you will not see them again in a hurry, I promise you."

In a little time, she resumed, in a still sharper tone, "Pray, Miss Monson, do you know *who* that person is, whom your wise aunt has thought proper to keep at her house so long, and make such a fuss with, as her relatives will have reason to be heartily ashamed of?"

"A Mr. Richmond, whom we met with at Stillerness, and who has been detained by illness, as I wrote to my father," replied Julia, in a faltering voice, on finding that her answer would not be dispensed with.

"Or a Mr. any thing else," returned Lady Monson: "for my maid informs me that the servants told her his linen has at least half a dozen different marks upon it—V's and S's, and many more; and I fancy you don't suppose it to have been stolen. Sir Bettesworth himself has known him to bear a different name at Paris, where he assures me he was quite despised; and you saw, last night, how he shuffled, and avoided saying any thing of himself, to one who knew him of old. However, to cut the matter short, I tell you, he had no business there; and, had not his impudence equalled your aunt's folly, he durst not have shown his face at her house. He is neither more nor less than some swindling adventurer—consequently, no proper acquaintance for Sir William Monson's family: and I desire never to see or hear of him again."

Julia's voice would no longer aid her in a reply: and the presence of Sir Bettesworth Harrop was a check upon those attempts with

which she might afterwards have tried to mollify her mother. He had, however, the good breeding to change the conversation; and, contriving wholly to fix Lady Monson's attention, her daughter was left at liberty to collect her thoughts, and regain that steadiness of demeanour, which conscious innocence alone can bestow.

It still, however, is necessary to account for the voluntary appearance of Lady Monson at Woodfield—a place, which she so seldom and reluctantly visited.

In our last mention of the family at Manningdale-Hall, a terrible disease had attacked its youngest hope; and hardly was the poor little sufferer pronounced out of danger, when its father received a letter from a person to whom he was indebted about seventeen hundred pounds, to pay him the money upon the usual notice.

To raise this sum, in Sir William's situation, was a perplexing matter; and, while he brooded over it, he determined that different retrenchments, which he had occasionally projected, should no longer be delayed. His lady, however, who imagined they lived as frugally as possible, said she did "not see that they had any thing they could do without, or that their expenses could be more economically arranged, unless he changed his practice of drinking Madeira, to the use of 'humble Port;' and really that was such a trifle, it would be a mere drop of water in the ocean. Miss Monson, indeed, might very well give up her orphan-school and her little green-house, and buy fewer books; or, if she had thought proper to follow the advice that was given her, *she* might have commanded such a trifling sum as was now wanted; and, into the bargain, the family would thus have had *one* incumbrance the less."

"An incumbrance!" repeated Sir William—"Great God! how you talk! My Julia shall never be importuned by me."

Her ladyship now saw that she had made such a *faux-pas* in the outset, as would prevent her husband from entering into her schemes of bringing on the alliance with Lord Blenmore; for, with all the pertinacity of folly, the more she had thought upon it, the more anxious she had become for its completion; and perhaps her wishes were strengthened by the little probability there appeared of their gratification.

(*To be continued.*)

The Highland Hermitage.

(*Continued from page 462.*)

Sequel of Mrs. D'Anville's History.

Sir T. Byron's Letter.

"I now address the most amiable, the most valuable of women, as my friend, and only as my friend, if my heart does not deceive me—having turned all its softer emotions to my fair cousin.—Yes, Miss Seymour, I am the avowed lover of your charming friend. When I quitted Seymour-Hall, my mind was painfully agitated on account of the cruel disappointment I had so recently experienced; and for some time I thought it would require more resolution than I was master of, to transfer the regard I felt for one charming woman, to another, though I was sensible that this other was equally amiable. Every thing around me looked dreary and sad, and seemed to mourn the disappointment of its master.—I am very fond of this place: it was the seat of my ancestors; and it wants nothing to make it a paradise in my eyes, but the company of an amiable and

endearing companion.—I am of a domestic and social disposition; and, having turned, with disgust, from the sickening follies and pernicious pleasures of the gay world, I naturally fixed my thoughts on matrimony, the only state of life in which a man of sentiment and delicacy can be truly happy. For a wife, I would have preferred Miss Seymour to any of her sex: but she refused me, from motives, which, though they may have checked my love, have increased my esteem: and, even if I had not previously had a hint of Miss Byron's partiality in my favor, she would undoubtedly have been the next woman in my estimation.—My home grew solitary: I found I could not be happy as I was; and, after some time, I thought, if I could prevail on my cousin to accept my hand, the face of nature would again appear cheerful to me. With these sentiments I went to my uncle's; and the first object, which struck my sight as I entered the house, was my cousin; but, heavens! how altered! how reduced! I was inexpressibly shocked at her languid, emaciated appearance. I flew to her, caught her in my arms, and lamented over her fallen form, with all the tenderness which my heart at that moment felt for her.—The surprise of my sudden appearance, and the unexpected manner in which I addressed her, totally overpowered her; and she sank, cold, and to all appearance lifeless, in my arms. I stood some time stupefied with horror; for I really thought, from her pallid appearance, that she had breathed her last.—I cursed my own precipitancy, in obtruding myself so unexpectedly upon her: I bathed her cold face with my tears, and called her by a thousand fond and tender names.—Words cannot express my joy on seeing her at length open her eyes. I expressed myself in such rapturous terms on her recovery, that she turned her eyes wildly towards me, and exclaimed in a hollow tone of voice, 'Sir Thomas! I am not Fanny Seymour'—and endeavoured to disengage herself from my arms.—I had been hurried into a too sudden declaration of my sentiments, which, I found, alarmed her: but, as she was too much hurried and discomposed to enter into an explanation, I endeavoured to sooth and calm her ruffled spirits, and prevailed on her to retire early to her apartment. I then asked my uncle's permission to pay my addresses to his daughter, which he very readily granted me. The next morning, I had a long conversation with Miss Byron, in which I related to her all that had passed between her amiable friend and me, and told her that my future hopes of happiness now centred in her good opinion of me.—Though I cautiously avoided the most distant hint of my entertaining an idea of her partiality in my favor, yet she was violently agitated; and, turning toward me her face suffused with blushes, 'Sir Thomas!' she cried—'either you are false to the most deserving woman in the world, or that too generous friend has discovered the cause of my anxiety, and determined to sacrifice her own happiness to procure mine. Concealment is now no longer in my power:—no, Byron! dear Byron! I will no longer try to hide, even from you, that you are dear, very dear to me: but I cannot—indeed, I cannot, receive your vows. You never can cease to love Miss Seymour; she alone deserves you; and I should be unworthy of the friendship of either of you, were I to accept your hand. Return then, sir, to my amiable

Fanny, and tell her that I love and revere her for her noble behaviour, but that she must consent to be Lady Byron.'—I perceived that this fair and gentle maid possesses very refined sentiments, but that she is actuated by false heroism. I have endeavoured to reason her out of her present determination, but in vain. I told her very seriously but this morning, that, if she continued so inexorable, she would irretrievably ruin my peace, and (I thought) not recover her own. I did not expect from Miss Seymour a ready acquiescence to my wishes: something, I knew, was due to female delicacy; but indeed I did not expect that she would be so inflexible. I did not offer her my heart, until, upon mature consideration, I was convinced that it was wholly hers. Laura knows me too well, to doubt my honor.—I am vexed, madam—vexed to the soul! She freely and generously owns that she loves me, and in the same breath declares she never will be mine. If this charming girl dies, Miss Seymour—my soul sickens at the thought—I shall be miserable; for you know not how dear she is to me. Her languor, her delicate scruples, (though I suffer by them) attach me strongly to her. I believe she writes to you by my messenger. Exert your influence over her, my charming friend. Let me not be made miserable by the two women on earth most dear to me.—You can be eloquent, my sweet pleader! oh! how eloquent you have been! Exert yourself, then, and endeavour to prevail on my Laura to listen to reason; and you will eternally oblige your devoted friend, T. Byron.'

"Miss Byron's opposition was no more than I expected:—her letter was full of the fine-spun sentiments of an enthusiast in love.—In my answer, I endeavoured to convince her, that, bright as her sentiments might shine in theory, she would find they would prove delusive in practice. She loved Byron: she did not scruple to own it: he now loved her: and, though it might be a little mortifying to know that he had once preferred another, yet, as a reasonable woman, she must look on his regard for me as one of those little capricious strokes of fortune, for which we could not account. I added, that she had every reason to look forward to happiness: her lover's honor and integrity were unquestionable: her own accomplishments could not fail of securing him entirely hers, if she did not spoil all by her too scrupulous delicacy. I concluded with the expression of my hope that I should soon be called on to attend her nuptials, as I could not, till that time, call myself her truly happy friend.

"I had not a doubt that Laura's *penchant* for her cousin would in a little time get the better of her scruples, and that, like many of her sex, she only wanted a little persuasion, to yield to the soft pleadings of love. At the end of a month, I had the pleasure of seeing my gentle friend at the Hall, attended by Sir Thomas Byron. I could perceive the happy and accepted lover portrayed in the features of Byron—and, in the face of his fair cousin, restrained joy, and bashful modesty.

"Miss Byron flew to me, flung her arms round my neck, and, in broken accents, expressed her joy at seeing me, and called me her dear and generous friend.—Nor was Sir Thomas silent. 'My dear Miss Seymour,' he exclaimed, 'how much I am indebted to you! but words are too feeble to express my feelings. My cousin, my lovely cousin, has yielded to your argu-

ments: she will be mine; and my unabated love, and unwearied endeavours to make my amiable and adored Laura happy, shall speak my gratitude to you.'

"After the first raptures of our meeting had a little subsided, we entered into sober conversation; when I understood that all my friend's delicate embarrassments were vanished, and that an early day was absolutely fixed on, to make that very deserving pair happy in each other. And the object of their visit to me was, to request that I would be with my Laura at the most important period of her life.

"My father readily complied with the wishes of my friends: but, happy as I was at the felicity of those so dear to me, I yet parted with my parent with more anxiety than I had ever experienced before; for he was, unhappily, more attached to his dissolute companions than ever. When with him, I sometimes had sufficient influence over him, to restrain him from those frequent midnight debauches, so ruinous to his health: I therefore dreaded the effects of my absence: I hinted to him my fears, and, with tears in my eyes, besought him, if he loved me, to take care of his health. He seemed sensible of my attention to him: he kissed me, and bade me be happy. Alas! my father! we never after met in peace.

"In the society of those I loved, the depression of my spirits soon gave way to more cheerful ideas.—Old Mr. Byron was all joy and vivacity, on his daughter's approaching happy prospects. Even Osmund was uncommonly polite and agreeable; and never were a set of people happier then we were. Sir Thomas Byron's behaviour was all that the nicest delicacy could wish: esteem, love, and gratitude, were visible in his behaviour to his Laura: to *me*, he was easy, respectful, and friendly.

"The clergyman, who was to tie the indissoluble knot, was (I understood) rector of the parish in which Sir Thomas resided, and was his most intimate friend. The day before the ceremony was to be performed, he came to Mr. Byron's. Sir Thomas flew to receive him, with all the eagerness of warm and generous friendship. When we arose at his entrance, Byron took Laura and me by the hand, saying, 'Let me introduce to my Mortimer the dear and gentle mistress of my heart, and her and my most valued friend, the amiable Miss Seymour. You will find them worthy of your friendship; and,' continued he with the most lively animation of voice and feature, 'while I thus can press the most beloved of women to my heart, and am blessed with the society of two such dear and esteemed friends, is there, can there be a happier being than your Byron?'

"Charming Miss Byron!' replied Mortimer, addressing my friend—'though a stranger to your person, I am not unacquainted with your merit. Sincerely do I congratulate my friend on the felicity that awaits him:—and *you*, amiable Miss Seymour! how happy am I in being introduced to a lady so deservedly beloved by all who know her! Will you receive into the number of those, whom you honor with your friendship, the grateful Mortimer?'

"I blushed, and (I believe) made but a very aukward reply to his compliments.—It was with difficulty that I raised up my eyes to take a view of this gentleman's person; for his large expressive eyes made mine sink beneath his penetrating glance; and it was some time before

I could recover myself sufficiently to examine his person attentively.

"He was neither tall nor short, neither corpulent nor slender, neither handsome nor ugly: yet, some how or other, I thought his black coat hung easier on him, than I had ever observed any other clergyman's to do. His complexion had rather a sickly hue; and his features were certainly not cast in the mould of beauty: but the *contour* of his face was striking; and his eyes—I cannot possibly describe them—they had that piercing languor in them, which, though it makes an indelible impression, yet cannot be defined.

"The next morning, the enraptured Byron received his Laura from the hands of her father; and Mortimer performed the service with peculiar elegance and energy.—My friend received our congratulations with modest joy, and bashful timidity.—'Let me,' cried I, flinging my arms about her neck—'let *me*, who was the first of your friends that wished to see this day, be the first to hail you Lady Byron. Thrice happy may you be, my ever-beloved Laura! may all your days be cheerful and serene as this your bridal one!'

"The new-married pair, with Mortimer and me, immediately set off for Byron-Place. Mr. Byron and his son were to follow in a few days.

(*To be continued.*)

State of the Roman Catholic Clergy *in* Ireland.

Mr. Newenham, in his interesting "View of the Circumstances of Ireland," presents us with the following statement of the condition of the Roman Catholic clergy there, as communicated to him by one of their own body.

The Roman Catholic church of Ireland is composed of four archbishops and twenty-two bishops. The archbishops take their titles, as in the established church, from Armagh, Dublin, Cashel, and Tuam.

Every bishop has a vicar-general of his own appointment, who holds his office only "*durante beneplacito**," and whose jurisdiction ceases on the death of the prelate.

On the death of a bishop, the clergy of the diocese assemble, and fix their choice on one of their own body, or sometimes on a stranger, and petition the Pope, or (in technical language) *postulate*, that he may be appointed to the vacant see.

The bishops also of the province consult each other, and unite in presenting to the Pope two or three men of merit, one of whom is usually appointed; for the recommendation of the prelates has always more weight in Rome than the postulation of the inferior clergy.

The emoluments of the bishop arise from three sources; his parish, which is usually the best in the diocese, the licences, and the cathedraticum.

The licence is a dispensation granted by the bishop in the publication of banns, for which a sum, never less than a crown, and, according to the abilities of the parties, amounting at times to half a guinea, or a guinea, is paid. And as it very seldom happens that the parties are inclined to have the banns published, the generality are married by licence, which adds very considerably to the episcopal revenue.

The cathedraticum is a yearly sum, generally from two to ten guineas, given by each parish-priest to the bishop, in proportion to the value of his parish, for the purpose of supporting the episcopal dignity. There is no law to enforce this tri-

* During pleasure.

bute, nor any obligation of paying it; yet it is a very ancient practice, and is never omitted.

Parish-priests are appointed solely by the bishop; and, if collated, or having three years' peaceable possession, they cannot be dispossessed: otherwise they may be removed at pleasure. A collation is a written appointment, signed by the bishop, by which he confers a parish on a clergyman, and confides it indefinitely to his care.

Coadjutors or curates are appointed also, by the bishop, and are removable at will.

The parish-priest is supported by voluntary contributions, if that can be called voluntary which is established by ancient custom and general prevalence. His income springs from various sources. From Easter and Christmas dues. These consist in a certain sum paid by the head of every family to the parish-priest for his support, and in consideration of his trouble in catechising, instructing, and hearing the confessions of his family. The sum is greater or smaller in proportion to the circumstances of the parishioner. In the country parishes, it is in general a shilling at Easter, and a shilling at Christmas: some give half a crown, some a crown, and some few a guinea a year.

Weddings.—The sum to be paid at these is different in different dioceses. In the diocese of Cork, by an order of the bishop, no clergyman is warranted in demanding more from the parties than half a guinea; yet the usual sum universally given by the bridegroom is a guinea; in addition to which a collection is frequently made among the friends of the parties who have been invited, for the benefit of the parish-priest.

The parochial fee for each christening is two shillings, or half a crown; besides which, the sponsors usually give something more. Some trifle is generally given for visiting the sick; a shilling usually in the country.

In some parts of the country, custom has established, that a certain quantity of hay and oats is sent by the more opulent parishioners to the clergyman; that his turf should be cut, his corn reaped, his meadow mowed, &c. gratis; and I have been credibly informed, that, in some parts of Ireland, bordering on the sea-coast, a certain quantity of fish is given to the priest, in lieu of parochial dues.

The retribution for each mass is in this diocese* two shillings; it is more or less elsewhere. But, if mass should be said at the house of a parishioner at his own request, he usually gives the clergyman a crown.

The general stipend of the curate is the third part of the general receipts of the parish. But, in some instances, such as where the parish-priest is old, infirm, or unacquainted with Irish, and consequently incapable of lessening in any great degree the labor of the curate, the latter frequently receives half the parochial emoluments.

Stations are meetings at some commodious house, appointed by the priest, for the convenience of such people as live at a distance from the chapel, where he hears their confessions, gives them communion, catechises the children, &c.; and it is at these half-yearly meetings that he receives his Easter and Christmas dues.

A custom, originating, I suppose, either in the poverty of the priest, and his consequent inability to provide for himself, or in the hospita-

* The diocese of Cork.

lity of the Irish character, has from time immemorial existed, that a dinner is prepared for the priest at every house where he appoints a station, to which the householder's friends and neighbours are also invited. The bad effects of this custom are so glaring, that I have, in my parish, though not without considerable difficulty, abolished it, and should indeed most cordially wish that the abolition were universal: for, besides that drunkenness is the general consequence of such convivial meetings, the cost is very serious to the entertainer; as there is no inconsiderable degree of proud emulation among the people in this particular.

The influence which the clergy formerly possessed over their flocks, and which was for a long series of years proverbial, was considerably *diminished by the relaxation of the popery laws:* it thenceforward continued gradually to decline, and received at length the *coup de grace* by the White Boy disturbances in 1786. At that period, not only all former influence was lost, but even that confidence in their clergy, without which all their exertions must prove abortive, ceased in a great measure to exist among the people. Nor was it till the rebellion, and its consequent irritations and antipathies, opened their eyes, that this confidence began again to revive. The people then perceived that their priests were, in common with themselves, objects of persecution to one party, and of disregard and derision to the other; and that, though some of them had been unfortunately implicated, and some few deeply engaged, in the rebellion, all were accused or suspected, and all condemned by party enthusiasm to one general, comprehensive, indiscriminate execration. They now, indeed, gratefully acknowledge, that to the admonitions of the clergy they are in a great degree indebted for having escaped the many miseries endured in the disturbed and rebellious parts of the kingdom, and are, I believe, at this moment, more amenable than for twenty years back. The influence of the clergy is, however, still inconsiderable, indeed, if compared to what it was half a century ago. To the precarious and unsatisfactory nature of their subsistence it may, I think, be attributed, that comparatively few men of genteel connexions, or early education, belong to the body: for, as parents naturally look forward, in the establishment of their children, to their comfort and affluence, it is not to be supposed that a man of opulence or respectability will educate his son for a state of life which presents nothing to his view but drudgery and dependence; and, therefore, it is highly probable, that, until some more desirable mode of provision shall be struck out for the Roman Catholic clergy, they will continue in general to spring from the inferior orders of society. Yet I do not hesitate to declare, that, making every due allowance for the birth, deficiency of early education, want of knowledge of the world, and the many other substantial disadvantages, with which the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have to contend, their morality, and good conduct in general, is such, that, however the derision and contempt of the world may attach to them, I have ever felt a conscious pride in belonging to the body.

Notices of the Isle *of* Man.

From Mr. Woods's "Account of the past and present State of the Isle of Man," we have selected the following particulars.

The climate of the Isle of Man is rather milder in winter than that of the neighbouring shores; frost and snow being of very short continuance. The heat of summer, on the other hand, is not so great: the harvests are consequently late: the grain does not arrive at its full size; and the straw for fodder is less valuable. Frosts seldom make their appearance before Christmas, and latterly have been so slight as little to impede vegetation. Gales of wind and falls of rain are frequent, and of long duration. In the spring of the year, they render the seeding difficult and less complete, and are very prejudicial to the tender shoots of corn. The land is chiefly divided into small farms, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres each. A spirit of improvement is more general than it used to be; and much common land has lately been inclosed. Taking the tithes in kind, a customary method, is a great impediment to agriculture, and much disliked. Were the tithe commuted for a settled sum of money, the good effects of such a practice would soon be visible. ...... Farms are sometimes let for a guinea, or even 25s.: those at a distance, from 12s. to 20s.; uplands 5s. and upwards; but rents every where are evidently rising. The measure of the English statute acre is universal.....

Houses of the best sort, both in town and country, are built of hewn stone; those of an inferior kind, and even very good ones, of stone unhewn. Some of the latter kind, in Douglas, let as high as £40 per annum. Sash-lines and weights, even to sash windows, are rarely to be seen, the people still continuing the barbarous method of supporting the sash at one invariable height by an iron catch. The farm-houses and offices of this island are generally small, irregular, and ill constructed. Some modern ones are upon a better plan; and some few estates are well supplied with offices and barns. A common custom, and one every way bad, is to have the barn over the cow-house. Open stables are still too much in use. The farm-houses, and, indeed, most of the cottages, are built of unhewn stone: the former with a mortar, the latter with a mud, cement; the former with a roof of slate, the latter with one of straw. The meaner cottages are constructed of sods of earth, and resemble those of North Wales, consisting usually of two rooms on the ground, sometimes with, sometimes without, a solitary window.......

Sheep are fed chiefly on the uplands. The ancient stock is very small and hardy, much like the south-down of England, and endures the severest weather. When fat, their usual weight is from five to eight pounds per quarter. Their meat is excellent. This is still the breed upon the uplands and mountains; but in the low lands a larger sort has been introduced. Two pounds and a half is the average weight of the fleeces of the small sheep, and six or seven pounds of the large ones. It is not of the finest or longest staple......

Sheep, in this country, are subject to a peculiar and fatal disease, called by the natives *Ouw*, supposed to be owing to the eating of the *hydrocotylè vulgaris*, marsh pennywort. Its leaf is said to corrode the liver; and, on opening a sheep that has died of the disease, to be found attached thereto, transformed into an animal, having apparent life and motion, but retaining its primitive vegetable shape......

The country is sufficiently popu-

lous for the extent of cultivated ground; but, the herring-fishery engaging the attention of so many men and small farmers during the summer or autumnal months, is a great check to agriculture, and renders labor scarce. Another bad effect of it is, that it teaches habits of so much irregularity and idleness, that the people employed in it never become good laborers, and are, generally speaking, a very lazy and drunken class. The custom is greatly felt by those who have much corn to reap or grass to cut: the getting in of the harvest is very tedious for want of sufficient hands; and it is often much injured by the weather. I have known hay cut for many weeks before the farmer could get it carried, and sometimes not stacked before the end of September. The women, unaccustomed to the irregular lives of the men, partake not of their indolent disposition. Four fifths of the farming business fall to their share. They are reckoned very expert in reaping and in digging potatoes, and perform not amiss many other parts of husbandry. A mower cuts in a day about three quarters of an acre of grass; and five female reapers, with one to bind, cut an acre of corn. The practice is to cut the corn as close to the ground as possible. . . . . .

The price of labor is continually increasing. Men get, during the harvest, one shilling per day, and women, ten pence, besides provisions; and the quantity of work effected is very inferior to that of the opposite shores. A ploughman expects from eight to ten guineas a year, and a boy three. Some of the experienced Scotch laborers have been procured at double wages, and found a great acquisition to the farmers. The laboring class of people live upon butter-milk, potatoes, barley-cakes, stir-about, and herrings. The barley-meal is kneaded with a very little water, and rolled to the thickness of one sixth of an inch. It is then baked upon a plate of iron over a peat fire, and usually has a stronger flavour of smoke than of barley. Oatmeal is occasionally, but not very often, substituted. Leavened bread is little known, and little liked. Stir-about, well known in Ireland, is composed of oatmeal and water boiled: this is their common breakfast: herrings are a frequent part of their dinner, salted, not dried: and their last meal is either stir-about, or potatoes and milk. A laborer usually has a piece of potatoe-ground, and sometimes a cow. . . . . .

Markets for provisions are ordered to be held at each of the four towns; but only at Douglas are they regular. Fairs for the sale of horses, cattle, and wearing apparel, the manufacture of the island, and for the hiring of servants, are numerous; and about six are very well attended. There is no market or fair for grain, and those likely to want any generally make a contract with the farmers as soon as the harvest is got in. . . . . .

Till the Act of revestment in 1765, and the subsequent regulations, the chief business of the place was smuggling. The annual returns of this trade exceeded £350,000, and, by some, were estimated so high as half a million; while the value of seisures was not more than £10,000; so that the profits to those engaged in it were probably enormous. The Duke of Athol, having a small duty upon imports, rather encouraged than set his face against it.

The place formed completely the harbour and the store-house of smugglers, whence they shipped their goods, as occasion offered, to England, Ireland, or Scotland, to the great detriment of the British

revenue. Many persons being, by its failure, thrown out of employment, emigrated to America: some went to sea: some engaged themselves in the fisheries; and others turned their attention to the cultivation of the ground. To exchange an irregular and idle life for one of constant activity and industry is no easy achievement: the waste lands and short crops evince how much remains to be done.

The population of the island is stated to have been above fourteen thousand souls in the year 1726—above nineteen thousand in 1757—and above twenty-seven thousand in 1792—an increase, which Mr. Woods attributes to the improved state of agriculture, and the more extensive culture of the potatoe.

Of a singular commercial regulation which prevailed here to the middle or end of the seventeenth century, he quotes the following account from King's Description of the Isle of Man, published in 1656.—"There are four merchants, which are ever chosen by the country.... and sworn by the deemsters [judges] to deal truly, and most for the country's profit. ...... When any ship of salt, wines, pitch, iron, or other commodities good for the use of the country, comes into the island, the governor, having first consulted with the merchant stranger about the rates and prices of the commodities, sends then for these four merchants of the country, to appear before him and the merchant stranger, and drives a bargain, if he can, betwixt them. If he cannot agree with them, he commands the four merchants to spend another day with the merchant stranger, and deal with him, if they can: and whatever bargain is made by the said four merchants, the country is to stand to it, and take the commodities of the merchant stranger, and pay for them according to the rates agreed upon; which most commonly is, that the country are to bring in their commodities, of wool, hides, tallow, and such like, and, for the same, have their equal commodities of salt, wine, iron, pitch, &c. so brought in, and compounded for, as aforesaid. And, if the commodities, brought in by the country, will not extend to the value of the stranger's commodities, then the four merchants are to assess the rest of the commodities upon the country, every one his equal proportion; for which they are to pay ready money, as the four merchants had agreed for them. So, by this means the merchant stranger is much encouraged to bring in necessary things for the island; and the people have, by the faithfulness of the four merchants, the full benefit of the commodity brought in, which otherwise some private man of the country might and would have taken for his own profit."

Barbary Pirates, *and Sicilian* Quarantine.

One of the letters, subjoined to Mr. Vaughan's "View of the present State of Sicily," exhibits the following picture of the maritime condition of that island, and of the preposterous perversion of the quarantine laws.

"The exposed, or rather unguarded, state of all the southern coast of Sicily is really dreadful; for perhaps you are not aware that they are as much exposed to the ravages of the pirates from Barbary, and the horrors of slavery, as they were in former days from the attacks of those barbarians. ......

"An event of some interest presented itself to-day, not less so from the scene it exhibited, than in af-

fording an explanation of the state of this coast, and the oppression of the quarantine laws, (complained of by all) when ill understood or badly administered—though good, perhaps, in their original intention. At day-light a large ship and two small xebecs appeared in the offing, standing toward the island, but very far distant: and at last we lost sight of them. In the middle of the day they appeared somewhat nearer, one of the smallest standing toward us, and the great ship to sea. As the former approached, the crew seemed exerting themselves to the utmost possible stretch, with eight oars on a side. I took up my station at the window of the captain of this little port*, which commanded the harbour, and who, by the help of his glass, immediately concluded it something extraordinary. By evening, the lesser vessel had anchored in the Mole, and proved to be a *speronare*, (a large class of row-boat for passengers and goods, used throughout the Mediterranean) and I pressed the captain of the port, who was as anxious as myself, to walk down to make inquiries; but no:—that would have been out of the routine and the dignity of office. A report was to come to tell him, that the boat had come in, and demanded pratique: and, in a moment, my friend became a different animal. The neckcloth adjusted, the cocked hat put on, the cane in the hand, and the umbrella behind, carried by an orderly, we proceeded to the examination. As we descended the steps to where the vessel was moored, (a few yards from the shore) she seemed crowded with people, upon whose countenances were impressed the most evident traces of consternation and terror; while those who had been rowing were pale as death from fatigue, and covered with perspiration, that streamed down their bodies. The captain of the port took his station in front, his cane at his nose, and his scribe on his left—Would Hogarth had seen him! And, "Well, Mr. Captain! and what have we here?"—"O! Sir, we have had a terrible morning."—"Stop, what is your name?"—"Carlo Benevento."—"The vessel's name?"—"Bella Teresa."—"From where?"—"Malta."—"To where?"—"Cagliari, in Sardinia."—"Write it down.—Go on."—"We have had a dreadful day, and, thanks to the goodness of God, a miraculous escape. We sailed a month ago, with goods and passengers from Sardinia, our country, for Malta. We had sold off our cargo, and re-loaded at Malta, upon our return to our homes, in company with another like ourselves, whose captain, my nephew, is here upon the spot."—"Stop. His name? The vessel's name? From where? To where? Write it down.—Go on."—"The day before yesterday, that great Algerine, that you see in the offing, came into the harbour where we lay at anchor. Yesterday evening we got under weigh, very little dreaming of any misfortune. To-day, as day broke, we had just cleared this island a mile from the shore, when all of a sudden, the pirate was upon us, and fired a shot through my vessel; we took to our oars, every man we could muster, but all was in vain; the Algerine gained upon us; and my nephew was compelled to quit his *speronare*, and in his little boat, with all hands, and his passengers, to stand for my vessel, which had sheered furthest off. The other was boarded, and captured immediately."—"What time was this?"—"An hour after day-light."—"What guns had the pirate? And how many hands? And what was her name?—Write down—He don't know."—"We now had the means to row sixteen oars, and, by dint of God's mercy, and constantly rowing from day-light till now, we are safe here at last; our people half dead; the flesh worn from their hands; and not another thread upon earth but what they have on their backs. All they had in the world is now taken from them; and this gentleman, a merchant of Cagliari—" "Stop. What's his name? Where from? Where to?—Go on."—"A merchant from Cagliari, long settled at Malta, returning to his family, with his all in hard cash, has lost every farthing."—The captain, putting on his spectacles, and reading aloud, with a nasal monotony: "Carlo Benevento, of the Bella Teresa, from Malta to Cagliari, chased by a pi-

* Whose duty it is to examine all ships, and give pratique—i. e. leave to land, from being found healthy.

rate, who captured her consort, an hour after day-light; don't know her name; nor how many guns; nor how many men."—What do you want here?"—"O! Signor, we want permission to land, to refresh our poor bodies, to get provisions and water, being double our complement; and take the opportunity of some other vessel, to go under her convoy." "My child! (*figlio mio*) you can't come on shore. You know very well, that, by the laws of quarantine, you are now in quarantine, from having had intercourse with a pirate, or any thing from Barbary!"—"But, thanks be to God, Signor, we were never within a mile of her: it would have been sad if we had; we should have been slaves for our lives; and having had no communication, we hope we may land."—"Why, did you not tell me she had lowered her boat, and boarded your consort?"—"But all hands had escaped long before they got on board."—"My child, that is a communication. There is no way of construing it, but a communication; and, by the laws of quarantine, you must perform quarantine. But, in consideration of your situation, you may go out of this harbour wherever you please." —"Santa Maria! your excellency, we shall be all starved at sea, or taken by the pirate, who is still off the land."—"My child, we must never argue upon matters of business—We must all do our duty. You must not come on shore, having communicated with an Algerine. You must go out of the harbour, and that to-morrow morning; but you may take in some bread and water, without touching any thing, or person, on shore; and then go your way, and St Antonio protect you!"—"Maria Santissima! We have neither clothing nor necessaries, crowded as we are."—"You must sail in the morning; and this officer will see that you do not touch the shore. Mr. Captain, good bye." At day-light these unfortunates rowed out of the harbour; and I shall never forget the wretched appearance of the half-naked crowd. Yet this captain was by no means an ill-natured man. The laws of quarantine are so rigid and contradictory, he really considered this within the letter of his duty. In the mean time I mixed with the crowd to watch the Algerine, who seemed standing our way; and great was my astonishment to hear the people declare "it was much more than probable she might land in the neighbourhood, and take what she could." In such a wretched state is the whole of that coast, in respect to such matters, that I was confidently informed, by the most respectable men in the place, "that, if she attempted to land, they would all run away, and leave her to take even the guns of the little castle; for what could they do with half a company of invalids (a guard for the galley-slaves) ill paid and appointed, against a band of desperadoes? Two hundred people had been carried from the coast in the course of the year, who were then slaves in Barbary!" And, while we were speaking, a gun was fired from the castle, as a signal of alarm to call in the fishermen; who forthwith rowed in. And yet, with all this, a tax is paid to the government, by a bull from the Pope (which is the dispensation to eat meat, &c. during lent, and which every body pays) of £70,000 a year, for no other purpose than (as expressed in the *bolla* itself) "to furnish a set of cruisers, to guard this coast from the pirates." But not a vessel is there. Upon inquiry as to this fact, I found it perfectly true, and well known throughout Sicily.

Great EVENTS *promotive of* GENIUS *and* LITERATURE.

(From Mr. Murray's "Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations," &c.)

THE occurrence of great public events, besides prompting to the cultivation of literature, is peculiarly efficacious in giving a proper direction to its efforts. To their absence I am disposed to attribute that corruption of learning, which has been supposed to be the natural consequence of its continuing to be cultivated beyond a certain period. Literature, it will be found, is thus corrupted when its votaries are ignorant of, or inattentive to, the objects of real life; when the philosopher employs his mind on questions that are of no importance to the happiness of mankind; when the poet ceases to occupy himself with human interests and human passions; and when both seek only to gratify vanity by the display of misplaced ingenuity. To this wrong bias the writer will always be liable, when there is passing on the scene of life nothing great or varied, to turn his views in that direction. Whenever a man seeks to shine by writing on a subject in which he takes no interest, his taste is inevitably corrupted.

An exemplification of this remark seems to have been afforded by Alexandria, after the period of its subjection to the Roman empire. Even then, from its situation, its commerce, the number of its inhabitants, and the splendid patronage of literature in the time of the Ptolemies, it continued, even after its subjection to Rome, to flourish long as a seat of learning. But there is, perhaps, no situation less productive of interesting events, than the remote provincial town of a despotic empire. In the capital, the residence of the monarch, and the scene perhaps of frequent revolutions, a considerable degree of bustle is always kept up. But here there were no objects of real importance to occupy the thinking mind; it was left to feed entirely on its own reveries; and Alexandria became the centre of all kind of dreaming and useless speculation. Hence, though her writers be numerous, few or none have risen to the rank of classics. Longinus, so far as I recollect, is almost the only exception; who, though sprung from the Alexandrian school, yet being raised by his subsequent fortunes to a familiarity with great events and illustrious characters, shook off the pedantry of his origin, and has displayed, in his interesting writings, all the correctness and purity of a happier age.

Precisely the same perversion took place in the infant state of the literature of modern Europe; when it could not have arisen from any natural effect of continued cultivation. But it seems sufficiently accounted for by the observations just made. Learning, during the middle ages, was entirely in the hands of monks; they alone possessed the leisure and tranquillity requisite for its cultivation. But these were men secluded, by their very profession, from the living scene; for whom it was a religious duty to shut their eyes on every thing relating to the business of this world. Even had they been otherwise disposed, their narrow and confined mode of life would have left them little opportunity of indulging their inclination. Ignorant both of nature and of man, they could form no just conceptions, even on those important subjects to which they had devoted themselves. Nothing remained but a few barren and uninteresting ideas to ring continual changes upon, and to torture into a thousand different shapes, without the least profit either to themselves or others. The cloud was never dispersed, till the diffusion of wealth and intercourse made letters be generally cultivated by men of the world. This character belongs in a peculiar degree to Bacon, the great philosophical reformer, and the first to expose the futility of monkish studies. Even then it dispersed only by degrees; and the literature of modern Europe continued during several ages to smell of the cloister.

In consequence of the wide diffusion of literature through all classes of society, it is now exempted, in a great measure, from these political vicissitudes. Having struck its roots deeper, it no longer requires the same fostering care, nor the same combination of favorable circumstances, to make it flourish. The great number of persons, of all ranks, by whom it is cultivated, place its patronage on a surer and more permanent basis. From the same causes, its direction is likely to be more sound and useful. Having, for its object, the gratification, not of a few recluse individuals, but of mankind in general, it must recommend itself by being natural, and adapted to general use.

MEDLEY
of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Cookery of Potatoes—We have been now so long acquainted with the good qualities of this invaluable root, that it will perhaps excite some surprise if we should assert that the inhabitants of the southern parts of England are in general still ignorant of the best method of cooking it. Indeed, the influence which different methods of cooking have upon this vegetable, is scarcely credible to those who have not made the experiment. The following extract from a report of the Board of Agriculture, on the boiling of potatoes, so as to render them fit to be eaten as bread, is of considerable importance.—"There is nothing, that would tend more to promote the consumption of potatoes, than to have the proper mode of preparing them as food generally known. In London this is little attended to; whereas, in Lancashire and Ireland, the boiling of potatoes is brought to great perfection.—The potatoes should be, as much as possible, of the same size, and the large and small ones boiled separately. They must be washed clean, and, without paring, put into a pot with cold water,

not sufficient to cover them, as they will themselves produce a considerable quantity of fluid before they boil; they do nor admit of being put into a vessel of boiling water, like greens. If the potatoes are tolerably large, it will be necessary, as soon as they begin to boil, to throw in some cold water, and occasionally to repeat it, till the potatoes are boiled to the heart; which will take from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, according so their size: they will otherwise crack, and burst to pieces on the outside, while the inside will be nearly in a crude state. During the boiling, throwing in a little salt occasionally is found a great improvement; and it is certain that the slower they are cooked, the better. When boiled, pour off the water, and evaporate the moisture, by replacing the vessel in which the potatoes were boiled, once more over the fire: this makes them remarkably dry and mealy."—In addition to the preceding remarks, we would observe that steamed potatoes—if the steaming be carefully managed, without suffering them to remain in the steam till cracked—are, in general, far superior to those that are boiled. The potatoes need not be put into the steamer until the water beneath has begun to boil; and it is to be kept incessantly boiling all the time they are on.—With respect to the addition of salt in the boiling, we have learned from a good Irish cook, that, in Ireland, it is chiefly, if not exclusively, to new tender potatoes, that the salt is added.—To many of our fair readers, the following fact will, no doubt, appear worthy of attention. An Irish gentleman, with whom the writer of these lines is intimately acquainted, was, for several years, unable to eat a potatoe in London, though fond of them in his own country. His disgust he attributed to the supposed badness of the English potatoes; while, in reality, it was caused by the badness of the cookery: for, having since engaged an Irish cook, who manages the potatoes after her own country fashion, he now *never* eats even a single morsel of bread with either butcher's meat, fish, or fowl, at his own table—but uniformly prefers the potatoe, as a much more agreeable accompaniment—even joined with other vegetables.

Lapland Beds.—Linnæus, in his Tour in Lapland, says, "The bountiful provision of nature is evinced in providing mankind with bed and bedding even in this savage wilderness. The great hair-moss (*polytrichum commune*), called by the Laplanders *romsi*, grows copiously in their damp forests, and is used for this purpose. They choose the starry-headed plants, out of the tufts of which they cut a surface as large as they please for a bed or bolster, separating it from the earth beneath; and although the shoots are scarcely branched, they are nevertheless so entangled at the roots, as not to be separable from each other. This mossy cushion is very soft and elastic, not growing hard by pressure; and if a similar portion of it be made to serve as a coverlet, nothing can be more warm and comfortable. I have often made use of it with admiration; and if any writer had published a description of this simple contrivance, which necessity has taught the Laplanders, I should almost imagine that our counterpanes were but an imitation of it. They fold this bed together, tying it up into a roll that may be grasped by a man's arm, which, if necessary, they carry with them to the place where they mean to sleep the night following. If it becomes too dry and compressed, its former elasticity is restored by a little moisture."

The natural Food of Man.—In the same work, the following observations occur. —"I cannot help making a few incidental remarks on the opinion, that man is proved, by his teeth, to be formed to eat all kinds of food. Those who advance this opinion, say, his front or cutting teeth are like those of animals that eat fruits, or nuts, as the hare, rabbit, squirrel, &c.; his canine, or eye-teeth, like those of beasts of prey, as the cat; and his grinders like those of animals that live upon herbage, as the cow, horse, &c. But this reasoning is not altogether satisfactory to me. If, in the first place, we examine the human fore teeth, we shall find them quite different from those of nut-cracking animals of the squirrel or hare tribe, which are more prominent, and rather spreading than erect at the angle, whereas ours are perpendicular, with their summits close and level. Hence the fore teeth of such animals are very long: witness those of the beaver. Some carnivorous animals have similar fore teeth to ours: but have we any such canine teeth as theirs? They do not exceed ours in number, but they are much more important. The being furnished with grinders, as such, will not, on the other hand, class us with herbi-

vorous animals, although bulls and cows have them; for the dog and cat, and all other carnivorous ones, have grinders likewise. I have not yet met with any herbivorous animal, with a simple stomach, which is not subject to eructation: nor is the mouse tribe any exception.—But, to decide concerning our own species—If we contemplate the characters of our teeth, hands, fingers, and toes, it is impossible not to perceive how very nearly we are related to baboons and monkeys, the wild men of the woods. Inasmuch, therefore, as these are found to be carnivorous, the question is decided with respect to ourselves."

Curious Customs.—Mr. Murray, in his "Enquiries respecting the Character of Nations," notices the following remarkable customs.—"In the Canaries, when a lord came of age, or married, several of his people precipitated themselves from a high rock, in celebration of those happy events. Every reader must have heard of the Scheik or Old Man of the Mountain, so famous in the time of the Crusades. It was upon this devotion of his people, upon the alacrity with which, at his command, they faced inevitable destruction, that he founded the system of assassination which rendered him so formidable. It is related, that one day, standing with an European ambassador on the brink of a precipice, he, with the mere view of displaying his absolute power, called to him a boy, who, at his command, instantly threw himself down, and was dashed to pieces."—"It was customary with the Floridans to make their first-born a sacrifice to their king; and in the presence of an assembled multitude, the inhuman ceremony was performed, amid shouts and savage rejoicings. Among the Ansicans, with whom human flesh is considered as the most delicious food, the nobles are said often to present themselves and families, for the purpose of being served up as a dish at the table of their master."—"Among other nations, we find customs less fatal indeed, but no less expressive of unbounded veneration. In Otaheite, on the death of the sovereign, the whole people take new names; as if, by this mighty change, they had all been converted into different beings. When he has entered any house, it is from that time sacred to him; no other person must set foot within it. Captain Cooke having landed at a village in the Sandwich Islands, found all the inhabitants lying prostrate at the doors of their houses; and on inquiring the reason, learned that it was in honor of a certain great man who had recently arrived there. The same navigator having invited the king of the Friendly Islands into his cabin, the monarch's attendants instantly took the alarm, and remonstrated against a measure which would enable any one to walk *above* his majesty."

Cure for Tooth-Ache.—It is asserted, that a small quantity of the tincture of Jamaica dogwood, introduced into the hollow of a decayed tooth, affords instantaneous relief, and, in most cases, effects a permanent cure.

Fashionable Economy.—The following laughable, but not less correct, description of a certain species of mistaken economy, is copied from Miss Hawkins's novel of "The Countess and Gertrude."—The scene is laid at a dress maker's, where Lady Mary, noticing to Gertrude the solicitude of some persons to appear in a variety of dress, adds, "There is nothing some people will not do, for the credit of possessing many changes."—"It is very true, indeed, my lady," said the person waiting on her: "we are now obliged to make dresses that will *turn*; we trim the seams; and ladies like them vastly. And here I have got such a job! here is a dress that a lady has sent me to *modernise*, as she calls it. It is a white sarsnet, so dirty, that, I am sure, not one of our young women would wear it; and it is to be trimmed with pink: it will cost as much as a new dress. And here is this beautiful worked muslin of a lady's; I am to get it spangled all over for her; it will come to, I don't know what, and tear to pieces when it is done: but it is to look like a new dress."

POETRY.

ADDRESS *to an* INFANT.

LOVELY infant! cherub mild!
Launch'd upon the world's rude wild,
Shall I, fill'd with tender fears,
Hail thee to my scene with tears,
Musing on the ills that wait
Thy journey through this vale of fate?
Didst thou know the various woes,

Which the cup of life compose,
Thou would'st close each ruby lip,
And refuse to take one sip.
Wisely Heav'n, with kind decree,
Hides the book of fate from thee—
Whether pleasure's sunny ray
Shall illume thy future day,
Or mishap, with aspect sour,
Gloom with care the passing hour.
Should the Pow'r that rules above
Call thee to the realms of love,
Then, without a hope or fear,
Thou may'st close thy brief career,
And, convey'd by cherubs, rise
To fair scenes in yon bright skies.
But, should Heav'n prolong thy span
To the last drear stage of man,
If, allur'd by Wisdom's voice,
Thou hast made her ways thy choice,
Bliss superior will be given,
And a brighter crown in heaven.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

HOPE.

By Mr. CHARLES JAMES WEBB, *a Youth about the Age of sixteen, and Son of Mr. John Webb, of Haverhill.*

HOPE is the fairest gift that Heav'n
Bestows on wretched man.
She painted gay the future scene,
When first his race began.

In Eden's groves, where baleful sin
Deform'd the human mind—
Tho' each mild virtue wing'd its flight—
Fair Hope was left behind.

To the lorn pair, when banish'd thence,
Hope a sweet solace prov'd;
And urg'd along their wand'ring steps,
As, sad and slow, they mov'd.

While journeying through life's chequer'd [vale,
Hope lends her cheering pow'rs,
And decks the dark futurity
With ever-blooming flow'rs.

The tar, who visits distant lands,
And ploughs the ocean o'er,
Aided by her creative eye,
Discerns his native shore.

The pilgrim, too—while smiling Hope
Illumes his anxious eyes—
Sees, far beyond the dreary waste,
Proud Mecca's tow'rs arise.

Hope's genial pow'rs can calm the storms
Of sublunary woe;
Her kind auspicious charm can make
A paradise below.

Should the bright sun forsake the globe
With all his cheering light,
Nature and all her works would lie
In universal night:

And, should bright Hope forsake the soul
With all her smiling train,
Darkness must wrap the troubled mind,
And wild disorder reign.

CONFESSION;

a Song, by MARINA.

OH! Frederic! ask me no more
To tell you the tale of my love,
'Tis enough that you know I adore;
That, each hour, my affection I prove.

Why wish from my lips to be told [eye,
What you read in each glance of my
What my blushes each moment unfold,
What is whisper'd in every sigh?

Not a faltering word that I speak,
Not a smile, that, to happiness true,
With its brilliance irradiates my cheek,
But owes its existence to you!

Then ask me no more to explain
What I ne'er will endeavour to tell;
Though concealment is equally vain,
Since already you know it too well.

The RUSSIAN MAID'S *Farewell to her* LOVER.—*By* MARINA.

Go, Ivan! go! the trumpets sound!
A soldier should in arms be found:—
And, didst thou longer here delay,
I fear me I should bid thee stay.

Then, while the patriot feeling warms
My glowing breast, oh! haste to arms!
For Europe's scourge, and freedom's foe,
Would lay our ancient Moscow low!

Yet stay! one moment let me view
Those sparkling eyes of heav'nly blue—
Once more, to thy fond bosom press'd,
Feel ev'ry sorrow hush'd to rest!

Ah me!—when next we meet—if e'er
Such bliss on earth shall be our share—
What dreadful change my eyes may trace
In that dear form, and faultless face!

Ungrateful maid! and shall I mourn,
If thou to me with scars return!—
Heav'n grant I be not doom'd to weep
My Ivan sunk in endless sleep!

I fear thou wilt on danger run,
Yet dare not bid thee danger shun,
Or, heedless of the future shame,
Submit to bear a coward's name.

Assert thy injur'd country's right:
Yet—if, amid the doubtful fight,
A safer course there seems to be—
Oh! think, Phedora lives in thee!

Again! again! that dreadful sound!
No longer must thou here be found!
A thousand fears my bosom swell—
All number'd in that word—Farewell!

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for September.*

HYMN, *by* J. M. L.

FATHER of light! beneath this lowly *fane*,
We dare address thee in a pensive *song*.
Contrition fills the unoffending *strain*,
Warm from the hearts of thy devoted *throng*:

May thy approval sanctify the *theme*,
Omniscient Being! Omnipresent *Lord!*
Teach us to know thy glories, great *Supreme!* [be *ador'd*.
Teach us, how love like thine should

Cheer, with thy sweet communion, ev'ry *soul*: [ing *sky*:
Clear ev'ry conscience, like the morn-
Spread o'er our hearts thy bountiful *control*,
And hear thy people's universal *cry*.

So shall our hymns be fill'd with heart-felt *praise*: [ev'ry *voice*:
The song of peace shall swell from
The crowded town and lonely vale shall *raise*, [*rejoice!*
Alike, the theme that bids our hearts

New BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed.*

Cot, lot; Sheep, steep; Ox, flocks; Yoke, oak; Hours, tow'rs; Glade, laid; Crook, brook; Ray, stay.

The THEFT *of* PROMETHEUS.

[*** *See the French Epigram in our Magazine for September.*]

To animate his man of clay,
Prometheus robb'd the skies.
"What wonder, then," the grave ones say,
"So few are truly wise?
Who lives by theft—e'en fools remark—
Must often stumble in the dark."

JOANNA SQUIRE.

Dr. BUSBY'S ADDRESS,

which occasioned the Disturbances at Drury-Lane Theatre, noticed in our last Number, page 482.

WHEN energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?
A magic edifice you here survey,
Shot from the ruins of the other day!
As Harlequin had smote the slumb'rous heap,
And bade the rubbish to a fabric leap.
Yet at the speed you'd never be amaz'd,
Knew you the *zeal* with which the pile was rais'd; [prest,
Nor ever here your smiles would be re-
Knew you the *rival flame* that fires our breast; [ling sounds,
Flame! fire and flame! sad heart-appal-
Dread metaphors, that ope our healing wounds—
A sleeping pang awake—and—But away
With all reflexions that would cloud the day,
That this triumphant, brilliant prospect brings; [wings;
Where Hope, reviving, re-expands her
Where gen'rous joy exults—where duteous ardor springs.
Oft on these boards we've prov'd—No—not *these* boards— [fords.
Th' exalting sanction your applause af-
Warm with the fond remembrance, ev'ry nerve
We'll strain, the future honor to deserve:
Give the great work our earnest strenuous hand, [demand)
And (since new tenements new brooms
Rich novelty explore: all merit prize,
And court the living talents, as they rise;
Th' illustrious dead revere—yet hope to show, [glow.
That modern bards with ancient genius
Sense we'll consult, e'en in our farce and fun, [run;
And, without *steeds*, our *patent stage* shall
Self-actuated whirl—nor you deny, [fly;
While you're transported, that you gaily
Like Milton's chariot, that it lives—it feels—
And races from the spirit in the wheels.
If mighty things with small we may compare, [qu'ring car,
This spirit drives Britannia's con-
Burns in her ranks—and kindles ev'ry tar.
Nelson display'd its pow'r upon the main,
And Wellington exhibits it in Spain;
Another Marlb'rough, points to Blenheim's story,
And with its lustre blends his kindred glory
In arms and science long our isle hath shone, [—rear'd a throne
And Shakspeare—wond'rous Shakspeare
For British Poesy—whose pow'rs inspire
The British pencil and the British lyre.
Her we invoke!—her Sister Arts implore; [yourselves adore.
Their smiles beseech, whose charms
These if we win, the Graces too we gain—
Their dear, belov'd, inseparable train;

Three, who their witching airs from Cupid stole, [of the soul;
And three acknowledg'd sovereigns of
Harmonious throng! with nature blending art!
Divine Sestetto! warbling to the *heart:*
For Poesy shall *here* sustain the upper part.
Thus lifted, gloriously we'll sweep along,
Shine in our music, scenery, and song;
Shine in our farce, masque, opera, and play, [day.
And prove Old Drury has not had her
Nay—more—so stretch the wing, the world shall cry,
Old Drury never, never soar'd so high.
"But hold," you'll say, "this self-complacent boast; [host."—
Easy to reckon thus without your
True, true—that lowers at once our mounting pride;
'Tis *yours* alone our merit to decide;
'Tis ours to look to *you—you* hold the prize, [rise.
That bids our great, our best ambition
A *double* blessing *your* rewards impart,
Each good provide, and elevate the heart.
Our twofold feeling owns its twofold cause:
Your bounty's *comfort—rapture* your applause; [live,
When in your fost'ring beam you bid us
You give the means of life, and gild the means you give.

WOMAN.

(*From "A Season at Harrogate."*)

Oh woman! dear woman! without you, all nature [this water;
Would be, to my mind, like a draught of
And may he, whose cold heart and dull head would disprove
The magic of beauty, the solace of love,
And seek from rude man your soft claims to dissever, [for ever!
Be condemn'd without mercy to drink it
Ye are stars of the night! ye are gems of the morn! [the thorn!
Ye are dew-drops, whose lustre illumines
And rayless that night is—that morning unblest— [in the breast:
Where no beam in your eye lights up bliss
And the sharp thorn of sorrow sinks deep in the heart, [smart.
Till the sweet lip of woman assuages the
'Tis hers o'er the couch of misfortune to bend—
In fondness a lover, in firmness a friend;
And prosperity's hour, be it ever confess'd,
From woman receives both refinement and zest;
And—adorn'd by the bays, or enwreath'd with the willow— [pillow.
Her smile is our meed, and her bosom our

The INFANT'S GRAVE.

From "Poems" by Miss CAMPBELL—*the same young lady, whom our fair readers will recollect us to have noticed in our Magazine for April, as having (under the age of seventeen) published those Poems, to relieve the distresses of a numerous family.*

O'ER the low grave, where infant beauty rests, [tear;
Soft! let me pause, and drop the silent
The new-laid turf lies lightly on her breast, [pear.
And guardian angels round her urn ap-
Unhappy, she who gave thee birth
And fondly on thy beauties smil'd,
Resigns thee to thy parent earth,
And takes the last look of her child:
And sure thou wast the sweetest flower,
That deck'd thy sorrowing father's bower.

Dark and unlovely to thy infant view,
Appear'd this life; for scarce the gift was giv'n, [adieu,
Ere with a smile thou bad'st the world
And wing'd again thy spotless soul to heaven:
But once I press'd thee to my breast,
And fondly clasp'd thee in my arms;
But once thy ruby lips I kiss'd,
And gaz'd upon thy op'ning charms!
Yet that one look did gain my heart,
And from thee I was loth to part.

Heart-struck with sorrow, o'er thy little urn, [ing eye;
See thy sad mother bend with stream-
But, ah! 'tis vain, 'tis impious thus to mourn,
Her child, a cherub in the starry sky!
When past is ev'ry wintry storm,
And summer flow'rs begin to bloom,
A simple fragrant wreath I'll form,
And hang it on thy infant tomb:
While tears of soft regret bedew
The turf that hides thee from our view.

Out of SPIRITS.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Joe with a sigh, [ing.—
As her voice of a tempest gave warn-
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid in reply; [morning."
"For she finish'd the brandy this

London Fashions.

Morning Dress—a robe of light-brown spotted muslin, or China crape, with long sleeves, very full, and tied at the wrist:—the bosom high, and trimmed with lace—made like the plain frock:—a sash of figured ribbon, to correspond:—the bottom of the robe trimmed with figured ribbon, or let-in needle-work.—A mantle of crimson velvet, formed loosely round the neck—fastened on the shoulder with a Spanish button—falling in front to a point ending in a tassel:—a broad trimming of swansdown fur:—lining, of white sarsnet.—The hat of the same: the edge bound with swansdown:—an ostrich feather falling negligently on one side.—Ankle boots of the color of the mantle, laced behind.—Gloves of yellow or grey kid.—Hair divided in the middle—brought low at the sides, in small curls—with a comb set with colored gems.

General Observations for December.—Walking dresses, the satin spencers of grey, brown, or orange, trimmed with buttons *à la militaire*—made high in the neck—with Spanish cape, and full sleeves.

The satin pelisse of light blue, grey, or orange, falling loose round the neck, trimmed with swansdown—fastened with small clasps.—A belt of figured ribbon of the same color.

The velvet pelisse, of crimson or purple, trimmed with vandyked swansdown round the neck, and down the middle—with a band round the waist, of velvet the same, and a gold clasp, ornamented with the Grecian split honeysuckle.

The Spanish velvet cloak, and mantles of various shapes, bound with figured ribbon of the same color, or swansdown fur.

The hat and bonnets.—The imperial cap of velvet—the color the same as the mantle or pelisse—bound with swansdown—an ostrich feather on one side—the cap of spotted, grey, or brown fur, ornamented with a silver bandeau.—Bonnets of colored velvet, plaited over the crown and front—the helmet shape, to tie with figured ribbon of the same color.—Ankle boots of colored velvet or kid, to lace behind.—Gloves of buff or grey.

Evening Dress—a boddice, formed close to the bosom—of orange, green, or light-brown, figured satin, with full long sleeves, or short bishops, with the Spanish slash—trimmed with thin swansdown round the bosom and sleeves—a sash of broad figured ribbon, to correspond.—A white crape or thin muslin petticoat, trimmed at bottom with lace.—On the bosom, a tucker of white net, bordered with scalloped lace—over which, a necklace of pearls.

The hair in the Grecian taste—the front parted—falling in small curls, with a small comb on one side, set with colored gems, to imitate flowers.—Small turban caps of colored crape, plaited on the top, with a lacing of pearls and flowers in the front.—Ear-rings of pearl or garnet.—Necklace of pearls, or triple chain of gold.—Broach of colored gems.—Slippers of crimson or blue velvet or satin.—Gloves of white kid.

Fans of carved ivory, ornamented with silvered crape.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, October* 27] The Austrian Prince of Latour Taxis expended, last month, £46,000 in celebrating the marriage of his daughter. The ceremony was performed in Vienna, and the festivities were kept up near three weeks. On certain days the guests took the diversion of hunting, for which purpose about 50 of the largest wolves that could be procured were purchased at an expense of £80 each.

[27] At the close of September, the Russian garrison, besieged in Riga by a strong Prussian force covering a great extent of country, sallied forth to attack their besiegers in various directions. Several severe conflicts ensued: but the Russians were ultimately defeated with considerable loss, and driven back into the town.

[27] *Dresden, Oct.* 13.—According to the latest intelligence from Poland, a new levy of 40,000 men is raising in that country.

[28] According to letters from Sweden, the pecuniary necessities of Denmark are so great, that the treasury has issued notes under the value of an English farthing, on which is inscribed, that counterfeiting them will incur the penalty of death.

[29] In the Russian official details of

the battle of Borodino, the loss on both sides, in killed and wounded, is computed at 100,000 men. [*See our last No. p.* 477.]

[29] A newly-discovered island, in the latitude of about 54 south, named Macquarrie Island, in compliment to the governor of the British possessions of Australasia, has opened an additional fruitful field to adventurers in the seal-fishery; and the enterprise of those individuals who prosecuted the fishing at Macquarrie island, has been abundantly rewarded.—Upwards of 80,000 seals have been caught there in a few months.

[30] A letter from Barbadoes, of September 20, says:—"This island never saw so disastrous a year as the present. The volcanic powder, which fell on us on the 1st of May, is supposed, in conjunction with the long drought, to have generated swarms of worms, which have spread devastation over the face of the island. We import from the Dutch settlements in South America plantains in small craft, on which the garrison is chiefly fed."

[30] A letter, from a medical gentleman at Canton, states that vaccination has made considerable progress among the Chinese, who highly esteem it, and have already abundance of native practicians to administer it.

[*November* 2] A great quantity of condemned English merchandise, which had been seised in attempting to be smuggled, taken in prizes, or found on board vessels that had been driven on the French coast, was publicly burned on the 14th, 15th, and 17th Sept. at Dunkirk. Among the goods, were 176,941 pieces of nankeens and muslins, and 6278 silk shawls, handkerchiefs, &c.

[2] In the night of Octob. 11, twenty-two English vessels were driven on shore near the isle of Rugen. Six of the number escaped, eight were set on fire by the crews, and eight fell into the hands of the enemy.

[3] Advices from St. Domingo, of the 1st of August, state, that, in the part of the island under the tyranny of Christophe, all the whites (by which are to be understood the French only) were massacred. Christophe, on his return to the Cape, after his unsuccessful expedition against Port-au-Prince, is said to have murdered all his prisoners.

[4] In every part of France, the severity of the conscription, which requires the surrender of boys from the academies, at 14 years old, has excited much serious discontent; and one family at Bordeaux has unsuccessfully offered a sum equal to £800 sterling, to obtain a substitute for a boy devoted to the conscription.

[5] *Petersburg, Oct.* 6.—An imperial ukase has been issued, by which all British property, that had been sequestrated in Russia, is restored to the claimants.

[6] The Russian circumnavigator Captain Krusenstern, in the relation of his voyage round the world (recently published in Russ and German), gives a faithful account of the failure of the principal object of his expedition, which was to establish commercial relations between the kingdom of Japan and Russia. "The Emperor of Japan," he says, "caused it to be notified to the commissioners whom I carried, that his subjects traded only with the Dutch and Chinese: as to the Russians, he begged them to return to their own country; and, if they valued their lives, never to come back."

[9] *Cadiz, Oct.* 22.—In a late sitting of the Cortes, among other measures in favor of the Spanish American colonies, it was voted, that the Indians should be exempted from the personal service they gave the clergy, or any other public functionary whatever; obliging them, however, to satisfy the parochial rights the same as the other classes;—that the public charges, such as the building churches, making roads, &c. should be equally borne by all the inhabitants indiscriminately;—that divisions of land should be made to the Indians;—and that, in all the territories of America, some of the dignities should necessarily remain with the Indians.

[10] On the 23d of October, an attempt was made at Paris to overturn the government. Three ex-generals, named Mallet, Guidal, and Laborie—having circulated a report of Bonaparte's death, and, by a forged proclamation in the name of the Regency, seduced a body of the Paris dragoons to join and obey them—seised and imprisoned the Minister and Prefect of police, and mortally wounded the Commandant of Paris. In attempting to seise the chief of the *Etat-major* of Paris, Mallet was himself arrested: troops were speedily called in: the principal conspirators, with their accomplices, were apprehended, and brought to trial before a military commission; and four-

teen were condemned to death. Twelve of them were executed on the 29th, and the other two respited.

[11] Septemb. 24, a French military commission, at Moscow, condemned ten Russians to death, for having, in obedience to the command of their lawful governors, set fire to the city. These were accordingly executed: and sixteen others, against whom there was not sufficient proof for conviction, were, by the same tribunal, condemned to imprisonment, "to prevent the mischief which they *might do*."

[11] *Constantinople, Sept.* 25.—By an order given with the utmost secrecy, and coming, as it appears, personally from the Grand Seignor, without the co-operation of the Divan, the Grand Vizier, Ahmed Pacha, has been dismissed, and all his property confiscated.

[12] The Russians have gained several advantages over the French in different quarters. Among other successes—on the 18th of October, in the vicinity of Moscow, the Russian advanced guard, under Marshal Kutusoff, defeated that of the French, consisting of 45,000 men, under Gen. Murat.—On the following day, Bonaparté quitted Moscow, leaving a garrison in the Kremlin, which surrendered to the Russian general Winzingerode, without opposition, on the 22d.—In another quarter, Count Wittgenstein, after a series of successful conflicts with a French force under Gen. St. Cyr, and having driven him to take shelter in Polotzk, took the place by storm on the 20th of October, with very considerable loss to the enemy in killed and wounded, besides above 2,000 prisoners.

[12] Mr. Lambert, the American, who, in 1811, took possession of the island of Tristan da Cunha, in the Southern Ocean, has recently applied to the governor of the Cape of Good Hope, for the patronage and assistance of the British Government and East India Company. His agent at the Cape has declared that he would endeavour to afford refreshments to whatever vessels might pass in that tract of sea; and that, whenever the sanction of the British Government should be known, the necessary assistance being given him, he would most solemnly declare himself allied to that Government; and, by permission, display the British flag on the island, reserving however always to himself the governorship, provided an equivalent could not be agreed upon.—Lord Caledon granted to his agent a small vessel, to carry from the Cape five industrious families, who had requested leave to emigrate thither, also a few black cattle, sheep, goats, &c.

[13] In May last, at Bombay, a Brahmin was found guilty of having, in conjunction with several accomplices, robbed and murdered a wealthy Hindoo. It appeared that this sanctimonious hypocrite had visited the deceased on his death-bed, and questioned him, for the sake of ascertaining the amount of the plunder, and discovering whether his associates had made a fair division of it.

[13] *Unfortunate Aëronauts.*—At Bologna, Sept. 21, Messrs. Zambeccari and Bonoga having ascended with a balloon in their descent it became entangled in the branches of a tree, and caught fire. Leaping out, the former was killed on the spot: the other escaped with some broken limbs.—At Manheim, lately, M. Bittorf descending from on high with great velocity, the inflammable contents of his balloon took fire: and, the machine striking on the roof of a house, he was thrown to the ground, and died next day of the wounds received in his fall.

[14] A few months since, a surgeon was sent by Sir John Craddock from the Cape of Good Hope, on a vaccinating tour into the interior, which he extended to the distance of near 400 miles, and, in ten weeks, vaccinated upwards of eight thousand persons.

[16] *Madrid, Oct.* 19.—A French party, lately intending to storm the castle of Chinchilla, collected all the neighbouring peasantry, and drove them on before them to the assault, in which the peasants suffered considerably.

[17] Oct. 25, at the approach of the Russian Gen. Wittgenstein, the French garrison in Witepsk evacuated the place with such precipitation, as even to leave their military chest behind.

[17] Letters from Malta mention, that the plague has committed such ravages at Constantinople, that, in one day, 1200 persons fell victims to it.

[19] October 20, Lord Wellington raised the siege of the castle of Burgos, which he had, for some time, unsuccessfully prosecuted, with considerable loss of men in his attempts to take the fort by storm. He retired toward the Douro, with his whole force, of 23,800 men, followed by 49,000 French. Several skirmishes ensued, in which the allies suffered some losses.—On the 7th of November, they were at Rueda, near Tordesillas,

without having yet had any general engagement.

[19] Novem. 1, a body of French troops entered Madrid, which had previously been evacuated by the British troops, under Gen. Hill, after having demolished the fortifications in the Retiro, and destroyed all the guns, stores, &c. which they could not carry off.

[19] By a late ordinance, no public billiard table can be kept in Paris or its vicinity, without a licence from the Prefect of the Police.

[20] The French left several thousand sick in Moscow, in a most wretched state.

[23] At Cannanore, in the East Indies, about the middle of February, an earthquake and violent wind damaged almost every house in the town—many having the walls rent, and some being unroofed.

[24] The Spanish general Ballasteros, for having disobeyed Lord Wellington's orders, and suffered the French army under Marshal Soult to escape from a most perilous situation, has been dismissed from his command.

[25] *Modern Amazon.*—The rewards of valour have lately been conferred in France on a young woman, who, to save her twin brother from serving under the conscription, had personated him, and distinguished her courage during six years' service, in which she was twice wounded.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.—The Bulletin of November 8 says—" His Majesty has very lately had an accession of his disorder, which has since subsided."—Nothing further is publicly known at present—*Novemb.* 27.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *October* 29, eighteen pence, three farthings—*November* 5, eighteen pence, halfpenny—*Nov.* 12, 19, and 26, the same.

[*London, October* 21] At Durham, lately, a gun, having water poured in over a well-wadded charge of powder, burst in the firing, and severely wounded the holder.

[21] On the 12th, at Edinburgh, was laid the foundation-stone of a Lancasterian school for a thousand children.

[21] *Starving Pauper.*—Yesterday, at Guildhall, a female pauper, in a state of starvation, and refused relief by the overseers of her own parish (St. Laurence Jewry), was directed, as an indispensable preliminary, to procure a pass from another parish, in which she had slept the preceding night. The magistrate, however, (Sir M. Bloxham) afforded her relief from his own pocket.

[22] Oct. 18 and 19, a tremendous hurricane prevailed, which did considerable damage to the shipping in different parts along our coasts. At Folkestone, six houses were washed down by the tide.

[23] *Explosion.*—On the 6th, seven persons were severely scorched by a sudden explosion of inflammable air in a coal pit at Shiney-row, Durham; and, on the 10th, in another pit, two or three hundred yards distant from the former, a similar explosion instantaneously killed twenty-three persons, and wounded and scorched several others.

[24] *Of the small pox*, the Bills of Mortality alone report one hundred and eleven persons to have died within the last fortnight; whence it is calculated that the absolute number of those who died of that disorder in the metropolis, within the fourteen days, is very near three hundred.

[28] Oct. 26, the Leeds mail for London was clandestinely robbed between Kettering and Higham Ferrers. Sixteen bags were stolen, containing property to a considerable amount, of which, however, only a small proportion was payable *to the bearer*.

[28] *Longevity.*—There is now living in the parish of Tippermuir, near Perth, John Hay, aged 107 years, in very good health.

[28] *Dress-makers.*——Yesterday, at Queen's-square office, a dress-maker was convicted in the penalty of *£5. 8s. 6d.* for having in her possession some yards of prohibited French cambric, the property of a customer—which, in addition, was forfeited.

[29] *Flower-Pots!*—On Tuesday evening, in a high wind, a flower-pot, blown down from a window in Kent-street, fractured a woman's skull, beyond all hope of cure.

[29] Tuesday night, a lamp-lighter, on Blackfriars Bridge, was blown from his ladder into the Thames, and drowned. His body was found on the 10th of November, at Bankside, standing in the mud, with one arm stretched upward,

as if he had been endeavouring to cling to a barge, to save his life.

[29] *Combination.*—On a late prosecution, before the magistrates of the county of Roxburgh, against some journeymen shoemakers, for a combination to regulate wages, it appeared that money was subscribed and collected for the members who refused to work below the wages fixed by the society, and for the support of their families—that they were connected with similar societies at a distance, both in England and Scotland—that, when any of the journeymen belonging to such societies left their place of residence on being refused the wages they demanded, they were furnished with tickets, entitling them to support from the societies in the towns they went to, so long as they remained out of work; and, in the case of prosecutions being brought against them for their conduct as members of such societies, relief was to be afforded them from other societies with whom they were connected, to enable them to pay the fines and expenses incurred.

[30] *Murder.*—Lieut. Gamage, who killed the sergeant of marines on board the Griffon, at Deal, [*See our last No. p.* 482] has, by a court martial, been found guilty of "*Wilful Murder.*" [*See Nov.* 25.]

[31] *Nuisances.*—Oct. 29, at the Middlesex sessions, the case of Mr. Soane (*See our last No. page* 482) being brought, by appeal, before the court, consisting of about forty magistrates—the chairman declared, that, to him and several of his collegues, it was a case of considerable doubt and difficulty; wherefore he recommended an application to the Court of King's Bench for a *Mandamus*, requiring them to hear and determine, if they had power in this appeal. [*See Nov.* 19.]

[31] Last night, Drury Lane theatre was a scene of uproar, occasioned by the obstinate pertinacity of a lady in keeping her shawl displayed over the front of her box—while the audience insisted that no such exhibitions of drapery in the front of the boxes should be allowed.—She was, after a contest of nearly a quarter of an hour, compelled to submit.

[*November* 2] On Saturday, at Union-Hall, a baker was fined £18. 5*s.* for deficiency in the weight of bread, at 5*s.* per ounce; and the bread was forfeited.

[3] *Lost Notes.*—Court of Common Pleas, Novem. 2.—A country manufacturer, having lost a bill of ex:hange payable at the bank of Martin and Co. in London, and written to them to stop payment, they returned an answer, promising to take due care. Subsequently, they discounted the bill, before it was due.—A verdict was now given against them for the amount of the bill, with leave, however, to move for a new trial, on a reserved point.

[3] A gentleman of Portsea has submitted to Government a shell, which, at the distance of three miles, will explode 20 balls of combustible matter of three inches diameter, and upwards of 1000 musket and pistol balls: these will be scattered on the horizon within a circle whose diameter is 1400 yards. The weight of the shell will be upwards of 2½ cwt.

[3] Sir H. Vane Tempest's game-keeper lately shot a hare with a single ball, at 155 yards' distance.

[3] On Saturday, was laid the corner stone of the Highgate archway.—This arch, which will form the principal entrance to the metropolis from the northern roads, is to be 36 feet high, and 18 feet wide, surmounted by a bridge traversing the valley, over which the Hornsey road is to pass.

[3] *River Pirates.*—Yesterday, at the Old Bailey, Joseph Simmons Winter, Benjamin Allen, and William Taylor, were found guilty of stealing, from on board a hoy on the Thames, in July last, (as noticed in our No. for that month) a quantity of silk and ostrich feathers—John Ivy, of being an accessary to the theft—and Robert Cooper, of receiving the stolen goods.—Winter was himself captain of another hoy—and Cooper, a publican, who declared in court that he "turned *ten thousand* pounds a year" in his house in Ratcliffe Highway, and "*seven thousand* a year" in another house in Piccadilly.—The trial—which displayed a complex scheme of deep-laid, extensive, and persevering roguery, almost beyond all former precedent—lasted three days *in court*, viz. on Friday, above 12 hours—Saturday, near 11—Monday, above 12, besides two additional hours spent by the jury in considering of their verdict.—The jury were not permitted to separate, from the commencement of the trial at ten o'clock on Friday morning, till past twelve on Monday night—an uninterrupted confinement of above eighty-six hours!—Of the criminals, Winter and Allen were (on the 7th) sentenced to be hanged, and Cooper, to fourteen years' transportation. Taylor, being ill, could not be brought down for judgement.

[4] Yesterday, at the Middlesex ses-

sions, Thomas Jones was sentenced to seven years' transportation for an attempt to extort money from a gentleman by means of a false and disgraceful accusation.

[5] *Children burned.*—Two children, aged nine and eleven, were, in their parents' absence, lately burned to death, in a cabin at Murrisk, in the county of Mayo.

[5] *Suicide Robber.*—Saturday, near Wandsworth, a footpad, who had just robbed a passenger, being pursued, and hopeless of escape, shot himself dead with his own pistol.

[6] *Reliques.*—At Stoke Ash, were lately discovered, about ten feet below the surface of the earth, some animal remains, of extraordinary magnitude. On exposure to the sun and air, they all crumbled away, except six pieces, which appear to be two grinders, and four of the cutting teeth, of an elephant. One of the grinders weighs 6 lb. the other 4½.

[6] *Private Still.*—In consequence of a private still being found in a house on the Wandsworth road, with a quantity of wash in fermentation, a penalty of £30, with costs, was yesterday awarded, at Union Hall, against a man found at dinner on the premisses, who, however, disclaimed all knowledge of the still, and said he was there only for the purpose of painting the house.

[7] *Old Bailey.*—Yesterday the sessions ended; when thirteen persons were sentenced to death—six to transportation for life—nine, for fourteen years—twenty-seven, for seven years—two to be publicly whipped—and forty-three to be imprisoned for different periods. Twenty-nine were discharged by proclamation; and fourteen judgements were respited.

[9] *Marine Monster.*—On Tuesday, was brought in to Brighton beach a fish of the shark species, measuring twenty-seven feet, three inches, from the nose to the extremity of the tail, and about fifteen feet in its greatest circumference. The mouth is about three feet and a half wide, and has nine rows of small curved teeth, both in the upper and the lower jaw. —It is a female; and, on opening one of the *mammae*, the operator's hand was covered with milk. Its liver—consisting of two lobes, above eleven feet long, and each sixteen inches thick—is supposed to weigh above two tons, and is found, upon trial, to yield about eight parts in ten of pure oil, of very excellent quality. —This monster, after having broken several large and strong ropes, was with difficulty entangled in *fifteen* nets, many of which it irreparably damaged.—The captors sold it by auction for £70.

[9] *The Young Roscius.*—The terms upon which Mr. Betty has been engaged at Covent-Garden theatre, are £50 each night for twelve performances before Christmas, and at the same rate for twelve nights after that period. He is, besides, to have two benefits, one of them free of all expenses.

[9] *Voracity.*—Two *gentlemen*, in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe Highway, for a trifling wager, lately induced a coal-heaver to devour, in one short meal, 9 pounds of roast bullock's heart, 3 lb. of potatoes, and a half-quartern loaf.

[9] *Military Preacher.*——A militia drummer, in his regimentals, lately preached from the pulpit, at Norwich, to crowded congregations.

[11] *Animal Velocity.*—October 17, a buck, chased by Mr. Jacob's hounds, in the Isle of Wight, ran, in four hours and a half, nearly sixty miles, over "heavy and trying" grounds; and, being taken alive, was reserved, to be *hunted again.*

[11] *Retaliation.*—An innkeeper was lately (on the information of a Rev. gentleman of Berkshire) fined £5 for coursing a hare, which he immediately paid, and then preferred an information against the complainant, for having shot a pheasant before the commencement of the present season; which subjected the reverend informer to a penalty of £50 and costs.

[12] *Forged Characters.*—Two persons, of the names of Jay and Fordyce, were committed, two days since; the former, who assumed the name of Captain Hayes, having given a written character to the other man, who thereby was admitted to the service of a family in Devonshire-street. This Capt. Hayes proved to have been a butler, who had been tried on a charge of felony at the Old Bailey; since which, he has, in conjunction with others, become a vender of characters, at seven shillings each.

[12] *Hydrophobia cured.*—The "Kilkenny Chronicle" has recently mentioned the following case of a patient in the Native Hospital, laboring under strong symptoms of hydrophobia from the bite of a mad dog. On the 5th of May, he was bled to the extent of forty ounces: as the blood flowed, the symptoms gradually abated; and, before the vein was closed, he stretched out his hand for a

cup of water, and calmly drank it. Having then lain down, and slept two hours—on awaking, the symptoms seemed threatening to return: but, on his losing eight more ounces of blood, they disappeared, and have not since returned.

[12] *Mail-Robbery.*—Friday se'nnight, the post-man, conveying the mail from Maryport to Cockermouth, was, by two footpads, robbed of the bags for Cockermouth and London.

[14] *Presentiment.*—A Mr. Brookman, of Reading, lately pointed out to an undertaker the spot where he wished to be buried—returned home—inspected a coffin which he had provided four years before—caused it to be cleaned—then took to his bed, and died in a few days. He was buried on Monday se'nnight.

[14] *Swindling Informers.*—Yesterday, Stephen Fane and James Raymond, common informers, were committed from Marlborough-street office, for extorting money by means of pretended informations.

[18] *Pantheon.*—Yesterday morning, a fire broke out in the Pantheon, which, however, was soon checked by the abundance of water from two large reservoirs at the top of the building, that are kept constantly supplied by the W. Middlesex Water Company, whose machinery carries water to the tops of the highest houses.

[19] On Friday, the unfinished tunnel under the river Severn, at Newnham, was filled up by a sudden influx of water from above.

[19] *Nuisances.*—Yesterday, on an application to the Court of King's Bench, for a *Mandamus* in the case of Mr. Soane, (*See October* 31) the judges refused the *Mandamus*, and thereby confirmed the original decision of the Bow-street magistrates, that Mr. Soane's erection is *not* a nuisance within the meaning of the law.

[20] Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, Daniel Lovell, proprietor of the "Statesman" newspaper—heretofore found guilty of a libel on the Transport Board—was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with a fine of £500, and to give securities for keeping the peace for three years.—He fully proved that the libellous matter had been published without his knowledge: but this plea was not admitted.

[20] In the same court, W. Hall was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and a fine of £30, for aiding in the escape of French prisoners.

[23] On Saturday, the Bishop of London consecrated the new chapel and burial-ground, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea.

[23] The Lord Chancellor, in a recent bankrupt cause, mentioned that he lately had, *in one day*, put the seal to a *hundred and sixteen commissions of bankruptcy*.

[24] Lord Peterborough has sold his house in Portman-square to Lord Kenyon for £13,000.

[24] *Coal-Sacks.*—Yesterday, at Union Hall, a coal-merchant—convicted of having sent out coals in sacks of less than *four feet two inches* in length, and *two feet one inch* in breadth—was condemned in the penalty of 40*s*. and costs upon each sack.

Porter.—On Wednesday last, the price of porter, in London, was raised to five pence halfpenny, the quart.

[25] Nov. 23, Lieut. Gamage was hanged on board the Griffon. [*See October* 30.]

[25] *Hackney-Coachmen.*—Yesterday, at Shadwell office, a hackney coachman was convicted in the penalty of 40*s*. with costs, for having refused to take up two gentlemen from his stand, and giving them abusive language.

[25] Yesterday, the new Parliament was opened by commission.

BORN.

[*October* 28] Oct. 25, of the lady of Alderman Atkins, a daughter.

[29] Oct. 16, of the Lady of Lord Lindsay, a son.

[*Novemb.* 2] Lately, of the lady of Capt. Russell, of Smithwood Green Hall, *three children*—two of them, with the mother, likely to do well.

[3] Friday, of the lady of John Hale, esq. and sister of Lord Amherst, a son.

[5] Yesterday, of the lady of G. Parker, esq. Sloane Terrace, a son.

[7] Yesterday, of the Countess of Clonmell, a daughter.

[12] Tuesday, of the lady of the Rev. Lewis Way, at Topplesfield Rectory, Essex, a daughter.

[16] Friday, of the lady of Lieut. col. Edwards, Little Stanhope-street, a son.

[18] Sunday, of the lady of Matthew White, esq. M. P. a son—her *fifteenth child*.

[19] Nov. 14, of the lady of Capt. Rolland, Fludyer-street, a daughter.

[19] Nov. 16, at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, of the lady of Henry Sansom, esq. a daughter.

[19] Yesterday, of the lady of Dr. Dickson, physician to the fleet, a daughter.

Married.

[*October* 22] On Monday, Michael Sumsion, esq. to Miss Newman, of Castle Coombe, Wilts.

[26] Yesterday, Wm. Brocklehurst, esq. of Macclesfield, Cheshire, to Miss Ann Coare.

[27] Wednesday, Thos. Bowles, esq. of Milton Hill, Berks, to Miss Hesther Sophia Sellwood.

[29] Tuesday, T. King Walker, esq. of New Milman-street, to Miss Augusta Wilbraham.

[*Novemb.* 6] Lately, T. E. Michell Turton, esq. son of Sir T. Turton, to Miss Louisa Browne.

[9] Wednesday, Robert Pattison, esq. of Dorchester, to Miss Jane Strickland.

[13] Nov. 7, W. Irving, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster, to Miss Sarah Burlton, of Leominster.

[13] Last week, Dr. Robinson, of Finsbury-place, to Miss Ellen Good, of Worcester.

[13] Lately, W. Lucas, of Broomfield, Essex, to Miss Lawson, of Great George-street, Westminster.

[14] Tuesday, the Rev. Peter Leigh, of Lymm, to Miss Mary Blackburne.

[17] Nov. 9, John Hensleigh Allen, esq. of Cresselly, Pembrokeshire, to Gertrude, daughter of Lord Robt. Seymour.

[17] Nov. 10, Capt. Butler, of the Wiltshire Militia, to Miss Eliza Dobree.

Deceased.

[*October* 21] Oct. 6, the Earl of Kintore.

[21] On Monday last, Sir Cullen Smith, bart.

[23] Sunday, at Winkfield Place, Berks, Stanlake Batson, esq. in his 85th year.

[24] Lately, the Earl of Aylesford.

[24] Oct. 22, Thomas Hammersley, esq. banker.

[27] Oct. 6, at Pertenhall, Bedfordshire, the Rev. J. King, aged 85.

[30] Oct. 23, the Dowager Countess of Meath, in her 84th year.

[*Novemb* 2] Lately, at Working, in Surrey, the Rev. H. J. Sydenham.

[3] Oct. 27, Mrs. Gardiner, mother of the late Viscount Mountjoy.

[5] Oct. 6, at Aranjuez, Thos. Gray, M. D.

[5] Tuesday, Sir Chas. Talbot, bart.

[6] Wednesday, at his house in Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the Count St. Martin de Front, the Sardinian Embassador to our court.

[7] Nov. 2, the Rev. George Talbot, of Ingestrie, Staffordshire.

[9] Oct. 31, John Perkins, esq. brewer, in his 83d year.

[10] Nov. 7, Lieut. gen. Richard England.

[10] Yesterday, Mrs. Pughe, Finsbury-square.

[11] Sunday, at Southampton, John Burdett, esq. in his 75th year.

[17] Sunday, in Abingdon-street, Westminster, Mrs. Mary Whittam, in her 80th year.

[19] Monday, at Teddington, John Walter, esq. in his 74th year.

[19] Tuesday, at his house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, in his 75th year, Edward Jerningham, esq. well known to the literary public by his elegant poetic productions.

Appendix.

Preservative against Bugs.—Boil one ounce of coloquintida (or bitter apple) in two quarts of water for half an hour: afterward dissolve in the liquor half a pound of green vitriol, in an earthen pan: with this mixture wash bedsteads or walls; and they will (it is said) be *ever after* free from bugs.

Cruel Mercy.—A female at Darmstadt lately poisoned her own brother, through a false principle of humanity and filial piety. He was ill, and his recovery was despaired of by the physicians. The girl, seeing that her parents, who doted on him, were exhausting themselves by their attendance and nightly watching, believed that it was meritorious to save them, and put the young man out of pain, by administering opium to him. The mother, on discovering that he had been poisoned by his sister, died in a state of distraction; the father took to his bed, never spoke again, and survived only a few days. The daughter was convicted upon her own confession, and broken alive upon the wheel.

Avalanche.—An avalanche occurred on the 4th of Sept. in the neighbourhood of Villeneuve, Switzerland. A part of the eastern chain of the Fourches, which had been sapped by a stream that ran at its base, suddenly fell with terrific noise. About thirty cottages were buried beneath the ruins, and twelve of their inmates killed. The noise of the avalanche was heard at the distance of six miles.